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THE FREEBOOTER OF DUNKIRK.

THE last decade of the seventeenth century fell like a pall upon Ireland. From the day the Dutch Stadtholder landed at Carrickfergus, with the flag of rebellion uplifted against his father-in-law, till his final expulsion of that father-in-law from the throne of the Stuarts, fold after fold of the sable pall was enveloping the newly-awakened hopes of a long-suffering race. With the fall of Limerick, the last of those hopes was shrouded, and Ireland sank into her dark grave of despair. True, she sank into no dishonoured grave, for the last of her defenders marched from their stronghold "with drums beating, matches lighted, and colours flying," free to go whithersoever they pleased. But they marched forth with broken hearts likewise. For, every earthly hope they had—even that of sleeping in death with their fathers—was, for most of them, now blighted.

Hallowe'en found them still by the Shannon side. But Christmas—merry Christmas! Alas! no yule-log burned for them, that year, in Ireland. No holly and ivy glistened—no twelfth-night cake was divided—no carol was chanted in "the old house at home." Most of them were far away in France, and kept Christmas, for the first time, among strangers. Some, however, still clinging to the old land where their fathers slept, found it impossible to leave it, and returned from Limerick to their different homes—content with the promise made them in the terms of the treaty, that their religion, at least, should be respected, though all other hope was lost with the fall of King James. Alas! they were soon made to feel how woefully they had been deceived. The treaty—"la plus belle qu'on vit jamais," as the Prince d'Orleans described it—was soon forgotten; but their stubborn defence of Garryowen, and, still more, their hated creed, were remembered. Bitterly did they deplore their lot, and deeply did they envy the good fortune of those who had left with Sarsfield and D'Usson. To follow them, however, was now impossible—at least publicly as before—and all that remained was to take to the hills, as Rapparees, till chance presented an opportunity of joining their comrades in Flanders.

Nor were they long doomed to disappointment. Their kindred "over the water" did not forget them; and on many a dark winter's night, while the fleet of England was mustering its strength for the famous exploit of La Hogue, and Irish waters were comparatively neglected, scores of stout French luggers would venture out, and,

creeping along almost within shadow of the shore, find safe anchorage in some of the then almost nameless creeks of Cork and Kerry. They generally came ballasted with good French wine and tobacco, and returned with a cargo of recruits for Righ Shemus and Louis Quatorze.

On a foggy evening, in the month of November 1701, one of these luggers might be seen, by a near observer, tacking slowly out of Tralee Bay, bound westward. Her deck was crowded with men, who seemed, despite the thick haze, anxiously bent on catching a glimpse of the shore whenever the little vessel approached it, in her tortuous course sea-ward. One would have imagined they were returning emigrants, anxious once more to reach their native land; yet such was not the case. They had all bidden that land a last farewell that evening; still would they fain keep its shores in sight, as long as possible. Night at length fell, and with it Ireland faded for ever from their view. When the sun next rose, they were far out on the Atlantic, still steering west, for though Brest was their destination, they durst not yet venture to bend their course to the southward. Leaving the St. Amand, for so the lugger was called, ploughing her way steadily through the troughs and crests of the Atlantic billows, we will shift the scene, and request our reader to accompany us to the south-eastern extremity of the English Channel.

'Tis a gusty afternoon in December, and all the after-dinner loiterers of a small Flemish seaport are gathered together in the snug parlour or sitting-room of the principal anberge, which, in our refined days, would hardly pass muster in a respectable row of beer-shops. The hostess, Madame Vandinende, and her attendant satellites, are, for the moment, at rest, after having copiously ministered to the wants of their thirsty patrons. Comparative stillness reigns throughout the little hostel, when the unexpected entrance of a stranger sets every eye and tongue in motion.

The stranger was a man of that dubious age ordinarily set down as between forty and fifty. His figure was tall and his aspect commanding; and, though his voice sounded rather roughly, still there was a something in his appearance and manner, that lit up a smile on the comely countenance of Madame Vandinende, as he approached the bar, and, politely lifting his hat, demanded a *chopine*, or, as she understood, and had more frequently heard it called, a *choppe* of Louvain ale.

Having selected a seat, the new comer proceeded leisurely to fill his pipe, and having duly charged and ignited the same, was soon enveloped in a cloud of his

own creation. There was certainly something peculiar about him; and hence we are not to be surprised if Madame Vandinende and her guests from time to time peered curiously at him. His dress, both in fashion and material, was widely different from that of the ordinary visitors of her establishment. His low Spanish beaver was ornamented with a plume, rather gracefully fastened at the side with a sparkling pin. He wore loose jack-boots, highly polished, and extending above the knee, while his braided pea-jacket, of finest sable, now thrown open, displayed a richly-embroidered vest, and a sword, whose hilt and belt seemed of rare workmanship. No wonder, then, as we have already said, that Madame Vandinende and her visitors cast an occasional look of curiosity at him, as he sat quietly smoking, with arms folded, and feet stretched out full length on the form, in the retired corner of the wainscoted apartment wherein he had taken up his quarters.

At an adjoining table sat a group, whose garb and style of conversation clearly bespoke them seamen. They seemed of different nations, at least if one were to judge from the polyglot exclamations uttered in the course of a game of cards, which the entrance of the stranger for a few minutes interrupted. Still they appeared to understand one another perfectly, though it would take a very discriminating jury to determine whether Flemish, French, or English, or a compound of all three, was the dominant idiom in use amongst them.

"*Coupez, Pierre, c'est à vous à donner,*" said a stout, good-humoured looking Flemish pilot, with shining ear-drops, to his vis-à-vis.

But Pierre still held the pack uncut, and continued staring at the new comer.

"Do you know who he is, Desiré? I think I saw him before, but for the life of me, cannot say where."

The answer of the party addressed was in the negative, and so the game was resumed. But we, being in the secret, and under no obligation of not divulging it, will give our reader some insight into his history, while we leave Desiré and his friend Pierre, with their comrades, to continue their highly-interesting game of piquet.

In early life, the individual whose entrance into Madame Vandinende's auberge excited so much curiosity, was one of the poorest, but at the same time one of the most skilful and intrepid fishermen leaving the port of Dunkirk; and, night after night, clad in a coarse canvas trousers, secured at the waist with a crimson sash, and surmounted by a light-blue blouse, he braved the sea, with but little apprehension of taking cold, no matter how severe the weather. Stockings he never dreamt of. A pair of stout wooden sabots protected his feet, and a cotton cap, whose long tassel hung down on his shoulders, or freely fluttered in the breeze, he deemed a sufficient covering for his head. Indeed he seldom wore either, once he was outside the *rade* of Dunkirk; but then the sabots were sometimes useful for baling, and the cap could be easily wrung dry when coming ashore, and so he rarely put to sea without them.

In such light garb was he arrayed, one stormy night in the spring of 1675, when a sudden squall capsized his boat, immersing his aged father and himself in the waves. All that skilful seamanship could do to avert the catastrophe was done, but in vain. The boat lay floating, keel upwards, at the mercy of the waves; and his poor father, though in youth an expert swimmer, seemed to have but little chance of escape. Regardless of his own life, when that of his father was at stake, he rejected the idea of striking in for the shore, which had, at first, occurred to him; and proceeded at once to collect the oars and scattered spars that lay floating around him. With a presence of mind worthy of his firmness in after years, he bound the spars together with his cincture—swimming all the time—and having thus secured them, pushed them along before him, till he reached the boat to which his father still clung, though scarcely able to retain his hold from terror and exhaustion. The suddenly-improvised raft saved the old man's life, while his intrepid son, with much difficulty and labour, succeeded in again righting the boat, and after some time, both reached the shore in safety.

Their first thought was to return God thanks for their providential escape. A dozen wax tapers were vowed in gratitude to the shrine of our Lady of Tongres, and half that number to light up the altar of good St. Eloi in his old Kirk on the Dunes. Their next concern was to discover some means of getting to the summit of the wet slaty cliffs, at whose base their boat lay stranded. After much searching and scrambling among the rocks, they at length succeeded in discovering a zig-zag path, which a little stream had worn in the side of the cliff, and by this they contrived to reach the top.

In their ascent, they thought they descried a figure perched on the extremity of a black, jutting rock, which projected from the cliff, to a considerable distance over the sea. As they drew nearer, this spectral figure, at whose first appearance they had in terror blessed themselves, assumed the form of a woman; and they could perceive, by the light of the moon, that, bleak and wild though the night was, she wore no garment save a tattered gown, which had once been white, and which, in the moonbeams, seemed still of that colour, soiled and torn though it was. Her face looked wild and haggard; her eyes, which seemed riveted in the direction of the English coast, were lit up with the wild light of madness, and her dishevelled hair, drenched with rain and spray, fell in thick masses down her neck and bosom.

The sight, as we have said, caused the fishermen to start in terror; and even when their first fear had subsided, it was not without feelings of commingled awe and commiseration they approached her. But she seemed not to heed their approach; nor was it till the elder of the two, laying his hand gently on her shoulder, asked her, in a kind tone, why she was out such a wild night, that she sharply answered,

"What is that to you? Why do you come here to disturb me?"

The father and the son looked at each other in mute astonishment.

"Are you of these parts, my poor woman," asked the latter, approaching her.

At the sound of the second voice, she looked up. Her aspect seemed calmer, and tears started to her eyes.

"Yes, I am of Flanders," she answered, with a deep sigh.

"And what may you be doing here, in such a storm?" continued her interrogator.

"Alas! I come here in all weathers. Night and day I come, since I lost my son at the foot of these cliffs. Poor child!" she continued, with broken sobs, "He was young, and tall, and handsome like you—and yet they murdered him!"

"Who?" eagerly asked father and son with one breath.

"Les Anglais."

"The English!" exclaimed the younger. "*Race de meurtriers!*"

"Yes, you are right. Murderers they are; for did they not kill my poor Jules, who never injured them? *O lâcheté!* Ten against one! They chased a poor fisher-boy, and killed him, in his own boat, before my very eyes."

After a pause of some moments, during which she remained, with clasped hands, silently rocking herself to and fro, she continued—

"From that day I am no longer myself. I call upon death, but death will not come to bring me to Jules. I often see him, but I cannot go to him. Just before you came, I saw him—my brave boy! He smiled at me, and stretched out his arms to me. But when I tried to speak, and rose to go to him, he sank again, pale and bloodstained, in the water. Oh, my poor Jules!"

"God and his mother help the poor maniac!" whispered the young man to his father.

"Maniac! did you say?" she screamed, seizing the last speaker by the arm. "Oh, yes I heard you. And that is what they all say, '*Pauvre folle!*' But no. I am not mad. I only see strange things betimes, and I hear strange voices too speaking from the ocean. And listen," she continued, now seizing the young man by both hands, and gazing fixedly at him, "I know you are courageous and good. You have a stout heart and a strong arm. Well, these will one day make you first among your comrades. A voice from the waves—do you not hear it?—tells me that you will yet conquer these English. And, when you meet them, will you not promise me to think of poor Jules?"

He could scarcely repress a smile, notwithstanding the solemnity of the scene, as he replied that that could never be, as both he and his father were only poor fishermen from Dunkirk, who had been just cast away, and narrowly escaped death in the very spot where her poor son had perished.

"But I tell you it will come to pass, and exactly as I say," she exclaimed, now getting excited, and stamping her foot violently on the ledge of rock on which she stood; "and when it comes to pass, will you not promise me to avenge Jules and his mother?"

"In that case, then, I do promise," replied the party thus so vigorously addressed, and who now felt his position a rather perilous one, clutched, as he was, with a grasp of iron, by an undoubted maniac, on the slippery verge of a frightful abyss.

"Thanks! my son," she exclaimed, loosing her hold of the young man. "Then I have no more to do here," and before either he or his father, who never dreamt of such a sad and sudden termination to their night's interview, could interfere to save her, she had sprung many feet, from the brow of the cliff, into the air, and the next moment was hurrying, with the rapid flight of death, into the depths of La Manche.

The recollection of that night never, to his dying hour, left the mind of the young fisherman. The thought of his own perilous escape entirely gave way to the far more engrossing one of poor Jules's fate, and the still more melancholy one of his mother. Vengeance, or as he regarded it, retribution on the poor lad's murderers, became henceforth the dominant idea of his existence. Quitting his fisherman's garb, he entered the navy, and, though unable to read or write, passed, by his bravery and superior knowledge of seamanship, through all its grades, till he attained the rank of commodore, in which capacity, though unknown to any of its occupants, he entered the little sitting-room of Madame Vandinende's auberge on the evening in which we have taken the liberty of introducing him to our readers.

The game of piquet, which we saw resumed at the commencement of our biographical digression, was, as games of piquet generally are, at length brought to a conclusion by victory on one side, and consequent defeat on the other.

Filling their pipes afresh, and calling for an additional stoup of Madame's best *bran-de-vin*, the players entered on a cursory discussion of the leading topics of the day, at least as far as such were known to them, the principal speaker being an Irish privateersman just returned from a journey all the way to Paris, where his wife was waiting-maid to one of the Irish ladies in the suite of Queen Mary Beatrix.

"Well, Master Jeannot," said Franz Hemling, addressing the party just referred to, "and so you tell us we are to have a new commodore on this station."

"Ay, are we, and a brave one, by all accounts," replied the party addressed, whose name was Jack, or as Franz styled him, Jeannot Sagrue.

"What is his name, do you know, or whence does he come?" asked another of the party.

"Well, as to his name, I am not certain. But I'm told he comes either from Mardick or Dunquerque. He is certainly from some port here to the north."

"*N'importe!* Just tell us something about him. What do they say of him down there in Paris?"

"Nothing bad, 'tis true. But my wife told me the ladies at Versailles looked on him as a kind of half-tamed savage, an *ours mal léché*."

"Hein!" growled Karl Kloots, with a shrug, "I suppose Mardick people are to follow the ways of Versailles."

Parblieu! but that's not bad;" and Karl, who was a Mardickois himself, and thought the new commodore might be one likewise, took a long contemptuous swipe of his flagon.

"Do you know what he said when the King appointed him commodore?" continued Sugrue.

"No, what was it?" asked several voices at once.

"Nothing more or less than 'Your Majesty is right'—Maybe that wasn't plain speaking!"

"P'rhaps 'twas the truth," replied the Mardickois, proud of his supposed fellow-townsmen.

Had the speakers paid the slightest attention to their neighbour with the Spanish hat, they could not but have noticed a smile steal occasionally across his bronzed features, as Jeannot proceeded with his narrative. But all eyes and ears were now wholly directed towards the narrator.

"But why did they think him a savage, Jeannot?" asked Pierre Leroy, a Breton from Quimper.

"Well, you see, as the wife told me, when the Marquis de Forbin brought him to Versailles, all the dandies of the place began to humbug him, and called the ladies to see the man—meaning the Marquis—that led the bear to the Grand Trianon. It seems the commodore had to put on some of their court gear, a gold breeches, I'm told, among the rest. I wonder how any man living could walk in it! He felt sore annoyed at all this, and sure no wonder; but at all events, he made his way up to the throne, and was presented to King Louis, who grasped him by the hand, and thanked him, a thousand times over, for the licking he gave the English."

"Why, did he meet them?" exclaimed his hearers, now growing really interested in the subject.

"Oh, maybe he didn't," returned the speaker. "But I'll tell you all about that by and by. To come back to Versailles. When all the petits-maitres saw the king so friendly with the stranger, they got mad jealous, and began to sneer and laugh at him; and some of them even asked, in a tone loud enough to be heard, how such a rustic could beat the English. He could stand it no longer, but, turning round, said to them that, as they were so anxious to see how he demolished les Anglais, he would soon show them. And accordingly, in spite of all his trappings, gold breeches and all, he made such good use of his hands and legs, that in a few minutes he had the coast clear, at least as far as the dandies were concerned. Helter-skelter, pell-mell down the staircase they flew, and, believe you me, the commodore helped them in their descent, with many a right good after-bang of his stont sea-boot. The ladies began to bawl out murder, and the king nearly went off in a fit from laughing. From that day to this, my hand to you, he had the court to himself, and drank, and smoked, and spat, and swore as comfortably as ever he did on his own quarter-deck."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the delighted seamen, as they simultaneously quaffed a bumper to the gallant commodore who had so nobly vindicated their rights

and privileges before the affrighted land-sharks of Versailles.

"But the English, Jeannot, what about them?"

"Why, it seems, ever since he was a boy, he's after them. He was with Admiral Tourville at Beachy Head, and after dispersing the Dutch and English fleet, he sailed into the very harbour of Tynemouth, and burned every house in the town, and every ship in the roadstead. Just ten years ago he was in my own country. There were seventeen ships of the line besides his own vessel in the squidron. But they came too late, *ma-vrone!* for Limerick had just surrendered when they reached the Shannon, and the fleet had to return to France without firing a shot. But the commodore—he was then only captain—never forgave the disappointment of that day. In revenge, he made a descent on the English coast, and never stopped till he burned thirty-six of the enemy's craft. So I'm told——"

"'Tis Hans himself, the skipper of Dunkirk, no other," exclaimed Franz Hemling, "for my father was with him. They burned six and thirty ships, and two hundred houses, and sailed into the port of Dunkerque with a prize of five hundred thousand good Flemish crown pieces."

"Whoever he be," rejoined Sugrue, "he has ever been a staunch friend to my poor countrymen, and never since he left the Shannon with Chateau Renaud, has he let spring or fall pass by without convoying many a lugger full of poor fellows, who, like myself, could never live peaceably among the Dutch Sassanachs. Hurrah for him! say I, whoever he be, and *Cead mille fealtagh* to him, when he comes."

"So say we all of us," exclaimed Hemling, who was a Dunkirkman, and, though he had never seen him, felt justly proud of his renowned fellow-townsmen. "If the new commodore and Mynheer Hans be the same, never did braver man tread quarter-deck."

Even Karl Kloots, though obliged, in that supposition, to abandon the notion of the commodore's being from Mardick, nodded a willing assent.

"I'll tell you what my father once told me," continued Franz, laying his pipe on the table for the freer utterance of his yarn. "In the month of June, just eight years and six months ago, Captain Hans, or as the Dunkirkmen always called him, 'the skipper,' commanded the *Glorieux*, a sixty-six gun brig, of which my father was quartermaster. For months they lay knocking about the bay of Lagos, tired of waiting for the Smyrna fleet, under convoy of Rooke and two Dutch admirals. At last the galleons hove in sight, full five hundred strong, and laden with the richest cargoes that ever left England for Spain. Before they could almost tell where they were, Tourville and the skipper were upon them. The Dutchmen fought well; but Rooke made off to Cork as fast as sails could carry him; and, to make a long story short, not a single ship of the Smyrna squadron ever reached Seville. But what I'm coming to is this. In the middle of a terrible engagement between a large Dutch frigate and the *Glorieux*, while shot after shot from the Dutchman was

crushing her hull and spars to pieces, and covering her deck with smoking masses of burning rigging, the captain thought he noticed the cheek of his son, a boy not then quite twelve years old, grow pale. It might have been a fancy of his, but the thought of cowardice in a son of his set him frantic, and with his own hands he lashed him fast to the mainmast, and left him there till the fight was over, ankle deep in the blood, which the clotted scuppers were unable to carry off."

The loud report of a cannon shot, which set each man's glass jingling on the table before him, here cut short the yarn of Franz Hemling, and his hearers' comments thereon.

Every man was on his feet in an instant, for each well knew the import of such a signal in those days. The look-out on the cliff had sighted an enemy's vessel, and given the usual notice of her approach.

The sound, which was an unwelcome one to all, fell like a death-knell on the ears of Sugrue and several of his fellow-countrymen seated in different parts of the auberge. For weeks they had been in expectation of the arrival of a lugger bearing several of their friends from Ireland. Intelligence reached them that she had failed in making the port of Brest, and was obliged, in consequence of several English cruisers lying to the southward of the Channel Islands, to bear away, with a western breeze, for the coast of Flanders. But now that the signal gun announced an enemy in the offing, their worst fears were awakened for her safety. Poor Sugrue was especially alarmed, as he expected his wife's brother and his little son by the vessel due at Brest fully ten days before.

The exit of the crowd, who pushed and jostled each other at the door of the auberge, in their efforts to gain the street, seemed entirely too slow for our strange acquaintance. Wrenching from their place the row of wooden palisades that guarded the open window, he passed through, and the next moment was at the head of the mob that rushed eagerly towards the harbour.

When the stranger reached the *rade*, a most exciting spectacle presented itself to his view. Almost within gunshot of the shore was a little fore-and-aft rigged lugger, with every available sail set, making directly for the harbour, and close in her wake followed a large English cruiser, well known in the channel as the Falcon of Falmouth. She too was under press of canvas; and it seemed a life and death struggle between her and her intended prize. Emboldened by the fact that no other mast was visible in the little harbour, the Falcon kept on steadily in her course, determined, it would seem, to secure her quarry in the very port itself, if indeed she confined herself to depredation on the water alone.

Consternation was written on every countenance, for the Falcon was well known to be the most daring and best-equipped privateer in those waters, and there was not a single armed vessel in port. In fact the basin contained nothing at the time but the few fishing-boats that were not drawn up, with the rest, on the beach before the dwellings of their owners. What was to be

done? Must the St. Amand—for the crowd on shore now recognised her—be taken, and her crew massacred before their very eyes? The idea was maddening. Yet, what could they do?

It was now the turn of our hitherto silent and mysterious friend to speak and act. With a voice loud and rough as the sound of a chain-cable running free through a hawse-hole, but in a tone which seemed well accustomed to command, he ordered every boat to be launched and manned instantaneously. Some hastened at once to obey his orders, which were but the echo of their own feelings, amongst the foremost John Sugrue and his companions. Others, in doubt as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, seemed to hesitate. But one word seemed to act like a talisman upon them. It was the bare mention of the speaker's name. No sooner was it heard, than every craft that could swim was launched, and manned, and provided with every requisite for boarding a prize then known in the privateer service of France. Twenty minutes had scarce elapsed from the firing of the signal gun till a regular flotilla was dashing through the surf in the direction of the Falcon.

As the little fleet of fishing boats approached, the lugger shortened sail, and hailed them with a joyous cheer. The Falcon seemed likewise to recognise the coming, as was evident from the fluttering of her canvas against the masts. She was evidently endeavouring to wear round and sheer off; but it was too late. The wind was dead ashore; and there she lay like a log, as if purposely lying-to for the coming of friends. Ere many moments she was surrounded by a regular cordon of fishing craft of all sizes and tonnage, from a punt to a trawler. In vain her sides were clad in smoke and flame, as broadside after broadside was discharged, when she perceived that fight she must. The round shot hopped harmlessly from wave to wave fully a mile beyond range of the most remote fishing boat. Her small arms did more execution. But the wounds inflicted on their comrades only served to doubly exasperate the remainder of the fishermen.

"*Lancez les brûlots,*" sang out the Borean voice of their leader, and on the word, a hissing shower of blazing brands fell upon the deck, and through the rigging of the now hapless cruiser.

"*Maintenant à l'abordage,*" cried the same voice, and a hundred and fifty fishermen sprang, cat-like, into her chains, cutlass in hand. Like a swarm of locusts they crowded on her deck, and the first amongst them was their dauntless leader.

We will not pain our readers with the details of the horrid scene that followed. Enough to say that had the poor maniac and her son been there to witness it, they would have deemed their wrongs more than amply avenged; for, as the reader may have, perhaps, already guessed, the fisher boy, to whom the former imparted her sorrow years ago, and the stranger of the auberge, were one and the same.

Twenty of her crew, at least, lay dead upon her deck when the Falcon struck her colours in token of

surrender, while her assailants lost not more than half a dozen at most, though, as might be expected in such a sanguinary mêlée, they had several badly wounded. Ordering his prisoners to be manacled, and lowered into the boats, the commander of the little squadron gave orders to have the ship scuttled, lest the conflagration should spread to the powder magazine, for by this time she was afire in several places. To witness the last of their terrible enemy, the crews of the fishing-boats pulled rapidly for some time, and then, resting on their oars, formed a circle round the doomed ship. Inch by inch they saw her settle down deeper and deeper, till the water commenced rushing in through her port-holes, when she spun round a half-dozen times at least, as if in some suddenly-created vortex. Soon her hull disappeared altogether. Yard after yard followed, and the last they saw of her was the main truck, through which so many a signal halyard had passed, the herald of destruction to many a Flemish coaster. A cheer from a hundred voices, which might be almost heard at Dover, formed her fitting funeral dirge.

It was late that night, or rather far advanced next morning, when Madame Vandinende was enabled to close her establishment whither our friends had returned, after securing their prisoners, and conveying the wounded to hospital. Franz Hemling and even Karl Kloots were beside themselves with joy at having recognised the stranger of the evening, for now that events had revealed who he really was, they took to themselves the credit of having discovered his identity the first moment they set eyes on him. Pierre Leroy, too, now well remembered that he had had the honour of once sailing, as cabin boy, in the same vessel with him. But Jack Sugrue seemed the happiest of the entire lot as he sat with his eldest born, young Theige, on his knee, and from time to time grasped the hand of his brother-in-law, Florence McCarthy, who had steered the *St. Amand* from the Samphires, and so narrowly escaped death when in sight of the very land he had braved so much to reach in safety. Many a "sweet bad look" did they wish that night to the enemies of "ould Ireland," and many a brimming bumper of usquebaugh, fresh from Kéim-an-Eigh, did they exhaust in drinking *slainte* to Rígh Sheamus and Louis Le Grand.

And now, gentle reader, before we part, it is only right to say that, in the foregoing paper, we have been, feebly perhaps, but, at all events, faithfully portraying a few of the many interesting events in the life of Commodore Jean Bart, one of the ablest naval commanders in the service of Louis XIV. The facts, which indeed may be found in any well-compiled biography, we have taken from the "*Chroniques de La Flandre*," merely assuming to ourselves the privilege of condensing and fashioning them into the shape we deemed most agreeable to the readers of *The Hibernian*. Jean Bart survived the last scene, of which we have substantially given the details, but one year, dying in 1702, at the early age of fifty-one. His history is but little known to the generality of English readers, few British historians caring to chronicle his deeds or those of Du Guay Trouin, his rival

on Irish waters, in the days of the "Wild Geese." Dr. Lingard, not having touched at all on the epoch in which he principally figured, must be excused for not having given us an account of his exploits. But another* historian thus summarily despatches him, with credit we must admit, though he refuses him his legitimate title conferred upon him by letters-patent bearing the sign-manual of King Louis himself:—"In the autumn of 1692," he writes, "this enterprising freebooter (the *Italics* are our own) was the terror of all the English and Dutch merchants who traded with the Baltic. He took and destroyed vessels close to the eastern coast of our island. He even ventured to land in Northumberland, and burned many houses (we have seen how many!) before the trainbands could be collected to oppose him. The prizes which he carried back into his native port were estimated at about a hundred thousand pounds sterling."

In conclusion, should any of our readers, on their way to the Continent, make Dunkirk their landing-place, as we have often done ourselves, we would here respectfully counsel them, before passing on to the *Chemin de Fer*, to halt for a moment in the *Place Dauphine*, where a veritable chef d'œuvre of bronze casting will well repay a visit. It is a statue, ordered, by the town, from the studio of Mr. David of Angers; and well and truly, and as a hero ought to be represented, has the sculptor depicted the manly proportions of Jean Bart, as, with cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other, he takes his stand on a gun-carriage, panting for the signal to "board." It is indeed a fitting monument erected by his fellow-townsmen to the memory of the gallant and simple-hearted seaman, whom, in deference to the manes of the great Scotch essayist,* we have designated, in our sketch, the "Freebooter" of Dunkirk.

MAJOR SIRR.

THE memory of the individual whose name is prefixed to this contribution, has survived that of greater and of better men. "The Major" still occupies a prominent place in the recollection of hundreds, and the police-court in which he held a magisterial position is frequently mentioned amongst the class who constitute its most frequent customers as the "Major's office," even although his immediate successor, after upwards of twenty years' service, has been superannuated. The Major was of considerable, although indirect, advantage to his colleagues and successor, for during his official career, the acts of his colleagues, if of an unpopular tendency, were attributed to the example he afforded, or to his supposed suggestions. His successor was judged by the contrast, and his worst faults were considered as mistakes, whilst the Major's best acts were stigmatized as misdeeds. Sirr died in 1841 at a very advanced age. He drove out in a covered car, became

* Macaulay, Hist. Eng. Vol VII, page 105. Tauchnitz Ed.

suddenly and severely indisposed, returned to his residence in the Lower Castle-yard, and died in a day or two. A rumour became prevalent that he had died in a covered car, and his successor had to dispose of several complaints in the Carriage Court of a very unusual nature. Carmen seldom summon each other. If one takes the fare of another, it may produce a fight, or retaliation may be resorted to, but the law is the last remedy the injured party contemplates. However, after the Major's death, sundry summonses were issued at the instance of the proprietors of covered cars against the drivers of outside vehicles for taking their fares. One complaint may illustrate the whole.

"Yer honour, I was on my hazard opposite the Imperial, and a gentleman comes out. 'Covered car,' says he. 'Here you are,' sez I, and I pullt over in my turn. This chap here wuz behind me wid his outside one, and he *fires out at wanst*, and gets a houl't of the gentleman's carpet-bag.

"'It's a covered car I want,' sez the gentleman, 'and I'll take him,' maning me. 'Very well,' sez this chap, 'take him if you like, but the outside one will shute you better; for that's the very car the ould Major died in.' So the gentleman went off wid him at wanst. Yer worship, I never summoned a man before, and I wudent mind him *stumping* me, but I'd niver forgive him giving my car sich a caracher as that."

One carman gave expression to a charitable hope that the Major had gone to heaven. Some of his comrades reproached him for uttering such a wish, and he sought to justify himself by reiterating the sentiment, and adding, "If he is *there*, we all have a *chance*."

Major Sirr's courage has been doubted, but the imputation of cowardice is not fairly sustained. It arises from the prejudice which satisfied itself by the conclusion that he could not possess any good quality. His conduct at the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald did not display either courage or cowardice. He entered the room after the conflict had commenced, and fired the fatal shot, in all probability, to save the life of his associate. He frequently, and without any necessity, risked his personal safety, and there is no sound reason for believing that he was of a pusillanimous nature.

In 1798 Sirr received information that a young man of most respectable family, who was involved in the insurrectionary movement of the day, had arrived in Dublin, and was concealed in an upper room in Bull Alley. He proceeded, attended by several of his myrmidons, to the place, and entered a house on the right side from Bride street, the lower part of which was a butcher's shop. He went up to the front two-pair room, and there surprised the accused party lying on the bed. Holding a pistol to his head, he commanded him to rise and follow him. The man arose, and apparently submitted to his fate. He asked leave to wash his hands, which was accorded, and then put on his coat, which the Major previously ascertained to have no weapons in the pockets. Suddenly the prisoner made a spring, throwing himself bodily against the window, which yielded to his weight, and out he went. Sirr shouted

and dashed down the stairs, greatly impeded by his own assistants, who were hurrying up at the alarm. The poor fellow who had adopted so desperate an expedient, met in his fall a clothes pole, and the upper part of the shop; the latter was rather crazy and gave way; he sprang to his feet unhurt, darted down the Alley, and escaped by one of the numerous passages with which it communicates. Sirr walked down to the Coombe, turned out the Poddle guard, and searched the neighbourhood, but without success. The Bull Alley jumper returned to Dublin in 1821 for a short time. He was then a colonel in the Austrian service.

Sirr was once tricked into making himself instrumental in carrying out the punishment sought by an outraged father against a profligate son. There was a wealthy bookseller residing on Lower Ormond-quay, who had a son, his only child, bearing his own Christian name. Mr Patrick W., the father, was very indulgent, and Mr. Patrick W., the son, was very vicious. His time was chiefly spent amongst female society, presided over by ladies named M^cClean and Plunket, and he was not particular as to the means whereby he made his father's money available for his gratifications. He had been absent for some weeks. His father had vainly sought to discover him in the haunts of depravity, when he unexpectedly met him on Essex-bridge, and directed a storm of well-merited reproaches on the young reprobate.

Young Pat stood submissively attentive to his parent, and allowed him to exhaust his wrath, and when old Pat closed his impassioned complaints by peremptorily ordering him to go home, he mildly replied, "I was going there, sir, to try if you would admit me; I own it is more than I deserve, but give me one trial more before you cast me off—give me one trial more."

"You young villain! where have you spent the last month?"

"I spent it as badly as I could, except the last week, and during that time I have been with Mr. Luke White, at Woodlands.

"At Woodlands!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Is it with Luke White, my oldest, my most valued friend, you have been?"

"Yes, sir. This day week I was walking in Stephen's Green, and Mr. White met me. I sought to avoid him, I own that, but he called after me; he took me aside, and asked me about my habits and associates. He told me that I was breaking your heart, and that I must reform my life. He said he grieved, as did all your friends, over the coming ruin of your hopes, and that he was determined, if possible, to avert it; that you were his esteemed, respected, and truly valued friend; and then, sir, he proposed that I should go out with him to Woodlands, in the peaceful retirement of which he would try to bring me to a sense of my duty to a worthy father. I yielded to his remonstrances and request, and having spent the week with that excellent gentleman. I was going, by his direction, to throw myself on my knees before you, and beg your ill-deserved forgiveness.

"Oh!" exclaimed old Pat, "may Heaven's choicest blessings be showered on him; my real true friend who felt for my misery, and has relieved it. Come, Pat, my darling boy; all is forgiven and forgotten. Happiness is in store for us both. You will be my pride and comfort. I can die contented if my eyes are closed by a son whom I leave respectable in conduct and character.

Father and son proceeded home, and old Pat immediately sought every means to convince young Pat of all his faults having been condoned. He was informed of the business transactions then pending, and the old man handed him two cheques for a large amount, and requested him to proceed to the banks and pay some bills which were due that day.

Young Pat departed. He did not return. The notaries' messengers called in the evening with the unpaid bills, and the miserable parent was only able to discover that his son had been seen during the afternoon in most disreputable company. Next morning old Pat waited on Mr. White, and most warmly thanked him for his kind endeavours to reclaim the young reprobate by his advice and expostulations. "If anything could have produced a good effect upon him," exclaimed the agonized father, "it was your advice, your example, and the contemplation of the sweet scene and happy family to which your invitation last week——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. White, "there is a great delusion on your mind. I have not seen your son, nor have I had any communication with him for the last twelve months."

The old gentleman staggered to a seat. A terrible convulsion shook his frame. Then supervened that which is fearful to witness in woman, but doubly horrible in man. Hysterical tears and sardonic laughter! At length the fit terminated, and he arose and took his leave. He walked away with surprising energy and calmness, beneath which was concealed nothing less

"Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

Old Pat sought a private interview with the Major, and confided to him his strong suspicions that young Pat was compromised with the United Irishmen, and that, if closely and *properly interrogated*, he could disclose a great deal, especially as to some depôts of pikes and other arms intended for insurrectionary purposes. He affected to stipulate for the utmost secrecy as to the Major's informant, protested that he regarded the rebels with the greatest horror and detestation, and that he had no idea of favouring a change in public affairs detrimental or even dangerous to those who by unremitting industry had realized property. He suggested that his son, when arrested, should be brought to the Custom House, which was at the time in Essex-street, and directly opposite to his own residence on Lower Ormond-quay. SIRR entered into all his views, complimented him on his prudence and patriotism, and gave immediate orders for the arrest of young Pat, who, when captured, was delivered to some of "Beresford's

Troop," to exercise their inquisitorial talents in eliciting all he knew about men whom he had never seen, and as to designs of which he was totally ignorant. The young scoundrel was perfectly free from all religious or political influences. Beau Brummel might as justly be accused of complicity with the revolutionary *sans culottes* as young Pat of any sympathy with any higher pursuits than the midnight orgies and debasing revels of the worst of both sexes. In the Custom House yard he was interrogated, and his denials only produced louder and sterner demands. Truth, strict truth, issued from his lips, to which it had been a stranger for years. The triangles stood before him, and all his protestations of innocence were uttered to ears worse than deaf. He was stripped and lashed until he swooned, then taken down and recalled to a sense of existence by restoratives, only to be put up again, until at last he lay before his torturers a lacerated and semi-animate frame incapable of further suffering. They cursed him as an obstinate, callous villain, from whom nothing could be extorted, and whilst his terrific punishment was in process of infliction, his father was looking on from the window of his residence. The wretched youth was conveyed home, and a long time elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to proceed to America, whence he never returned. His father made no secret of the means he had adopted to punish young Pat and to trick the Major.

SIRR was occasionally humorous. He announced to some of his acquaintances the fate which was expected to befall Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the laconic phrase: "Mr. Tone is to a-Tone to-morrow in the front of Newgate." Galvin, the hangman, applied to SIRR for his recommendation to procure a small pension, and laid before him a memorial which he desired to have forwarded to government under the Major's auspices. In it the veteran executioner submitted that for many years he had acted as the finisher of the law in the county and city of Dublin, with frequent visits for professional purposes to places on the Home and Leinster circuits. That age and infirmity were rendering him incapable of continuing his public duties, and that he humbly besought a small pension for the support of his declining years. "Tom," said the Major, "you should have stated in your memorial that during 'your official career you discharged your duties to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.'" "Thank you, Major," replied the stupid old wretch, "I'll get it altered, and put *that* in." One of SIRR's colleagues, a barrister, was remarkable for speaking in a low voice, and with a great lisp. He was indebted to the Major for the nickname of "Mississippi."

At a funeral in St. Werburgh's Churchyard, the Major was present, and stood apart from the other persons who attended the ceremony. After the interment, a Mr. S., who was peculiarly slovenly, approached him and remarked, "I suppose, Major, you cannot be here without thinking of Lord Edward?" "My friend," was the reply, "I am at present thinking of you, and wondering where you get all the dirty shirts."

When Perrin and Harty contested the city of Dublin in 1831, during Lord Grey's administration, Major Sirr attended meetings for parliamentary reform, and moved resolutions of the most liberal tendency. He voted for the reform candidates, and was twitted by the late Thomas Ellis with having deserted his party, and forgotten his principles. His answer was simple and true. "I am totally unchanged; I have always supported the government, and I shall do so still."

It is pleasing to observe an improvement, however slight, in institutions of importance to the community. In the time of Major Sirr, the coarsest language was addressed from the bench, not only to prisoners on serious charges, but to parties prosecuting or defending summonses. If a magistrate of police were now to apply the terms scoundrel, ruffian, blackguard, &c., to the most disreputable characters, it is almost certain that he would be dismissed from his office; but in former times, the foulest epithets were freely applied, and it was not uncommon for those who sought redress for opprobrious epithets, having been used against them in the public streets, to meet with far worse language from the magistrate, to whom they looked for satisfaction against their adversary. Imprisonment cannot now be inflicted in the reckless manner adopted in the early days of the Dublin Police Courts. When Major Sirr died, his successor called for a list of the committals from his office, and was surprised to find one man detained for fifteen years, another for thirteen, and a third for ten years, in default of sureties to keep the peace. These prisoners were immediately discharged, and two of them expressed great dissatisfaction at being thrown upon the world, from which they had been so long estranged. There is no danger of persons being now sent to prison and forgotten there, for if such a committal was sent through ignorance or inadvertence, the board of superintendence would soon draw attention to the fact of a prisoner's subsistence being charged on the public for an illegal or unreasonable period.

As a magistrate, Sirr was inefficient, as all men must be who do not possess the confidence of the public. The want of that confidence arose, not so much from any personal fault on his part, as from the circumstance of his employment, in times of great and unhappy political excitement, when ordinary constitutional rights were suspended by the legislature, or disregarded by the executive. Magistrates employed in quelling or punishing popular discontent or agitations, become useless for ordinary purposes. Several of the continental governments are so well aware of this, that they have a separate and select police for political duties, and even for the detection of offences against the revenue. Happily, Ireland can at present be mentioned as a land of "crime and outrage," only in the spirit of slanderous calumny, and we earnestly hope, and devoutly pray, that political discontents and animosities may never interfere with the administration of the laws, in a spirit of firmness and impartiality, in which mercy shall not be excluded from exercising her "twice blessed" and holy influences.

F. T. P.

INCIDENTS OF MUSICAL TRAVEL.

Nor many years since it fell to my lot to accompany a troupe of distinguished operatic singers on a succession of musical tours through some of the principal towns in England and Ireland; and as the favourites of the stage have always been regarded with as much attention by "book" makers as the favourites of the field, I seized the opportunity thus afforded of noting down a few particulars relating to our adventures, which may not be uninteresting in these inquiring times. I do not propose to enter into any elaborate detail of the every-day life of a *prima donna*, or to describe the fascination which surrounds the social movements of a *primo tenore*; but the lovers of music and musicians will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding the jealousies and rivalries which are said to attach to the profession the most antagonistic natures, such as *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Amina*, *Caspar*, and *Elvino*, *Oroveso*, and *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio* and *Semiramide*, are sometimes brought together in the most friendly and harmonious intercourse. Occasionally little disturbances, arise (for how can they be averted in any human family, however entitled to be termed "happy?") but they are soon quelled by the dexterous *impresario*; for it is remarkable with what ease the fury of a tragedy queen may be suddenly changed into the gentleness of a village belle—with what skill the wildest notes of jealousy or revenge may be made to give place to the softest cadenzas of contrition.

It is less, however, in the private life of artists on a professional tour that points of singularity arise than in the circumstances attending their public capacity. For example, it cannot be supposed that the area of a provincial theatre, whose limited proportions are only adapted to the convenience of the few, can be easily rendered capable of "seating" the many who are drawn together by the irresistible attractions presented by a troupe of Italian singers. Hence considerable excitement is often provoked both before and behind the curtain, and it sometimes happens that when the evening arrives, the aristocratic portion of the audience are mortified to find the proscenium boxes, (on the occupation of which certain of the local dignitaries had previously set their affections), have been converted into dressing-rooms for the actors. The confusion arising from this circumstance can be readily imagined, and *might* be described; but that something even more diverting has at the same time occurred in the costumier's department. It happened that certain members of the company, having lost half of their dresses on the road, were running about in a state of frenzy and despair, cursing their "unlucky stars," (no reflection on the "leading" luminaries, who shed their lustre on the troupe!) for the ignominious predicament they were placed in, and provoking some merriment by their exclamations that *Pollio* could not possibly appear before the audience in Wellington boots, or that *Ernesto* dare not attempt "*com e gentil*" in a shooting jacket! Such incidents as these frequently arise to mitigate the ills

which managerial flesh is heir to, and it is well that they do occur, for otherwise modern "ministrelsy" would be entirely devoid of romance, and the performers would have nothing to relieve the dull monotony of popular applause.

It sometimes happens that the doors, including the stage entrance, are so besieged by people, that the artists cannot possibly make their way into the theatre, and while the audience inside are clamouring for Signor —, he is endeavouring to force a passage through the crowd outside! On one occasion this difficulty occurred to a distinguished member of the party whose adventures I am now recording. The opera to be played was "The Barber of Seville," and the artist alluded to was announced to appear as Figaro, but when the curtain was about to rise, Figaro was struggling hard to obtain ingress to the theatre, and not being able to accomplish that somewhat desirable object, he emphatically exclaimed to the tumultuous crowd, "What! would you see 'The Barber of Seville,' without the Barber!"

"Make way for the Barber," was the immediate response, and Figaro was lifted upon the shoulders of the mob into the box entrance, whence he found his way to the stage, which was already "waiting" to receive him. While he was tickling the ears of the audience with the "*Largo al factotum*," a gentleman in shirt sleeves, seated in front of the gallery, was amusing the company in general and himself in particular by beating time with a cotton umbrella, and as the baton of the conductor waved high in the air, he kept up a corresponding movement with such determined perseverance, that the audience were disturbed from their propriety, and the gravity of the performers was seriously jeopardized; but the stentorian voice of the Figaro soon drowned all ebullition of feeling, and the oft-repeated threat of "throw him over," was not carried into effect.

I need hardly say that our kings and queens of song are not only liable to ridicule in their provincial undertakings, but are often placed in positions which expose them to much danger and difficulty. They are but fellow-mortals after all, and are of course, bound to submit to the same troubles and vicissitudes which, as common wayfarers, they cannot hope to avert.

On one of these expeditions, a concert was given, at which the attractions were of more than usual interest, the great dignitaries of the town having promised their patronage, and a large expense having been incurred to insure a most successful and profitable performance. The *prima donna* was in admirable voice, and the whole troupe seemed bent on doing themselves and the public the fullest justice that their powers were capable of. The concert proceeded, and Madame — had already received more than one enthusiastic ovation; but at length the audience were wrought up to such a state of excitement, that their feelings found vent in the most novel expressions of approbation, betraying that tone of familiarity which provincial connoisseurs are prone to adopt towards their musical favourites. Amongst the company in the body of the hall, was a very primitive-looking gentleman, attired after a fashion which was any thing but the fashion; and his appear-

ance was no more befitting a concert-room, than a "figure of fun" would be becoming a conventicle. He listened, however, with wrapt attention to the bewitching strains, which the renowned *prima donna* poured forth with her accustomed power and taste; but he did not seem at all to comprehend the terms in which certain portions of the audience gave token of their delight; for he chanced to be seated in the midst of a stormy brotherhood of critics, who affected that peculiar style of phraseology which is assumed by the *habitués* of the Italian Opera House, when their sense of gratification has risen to boiling point. An encore had been demanded, and was gracefully responded to by the singer, who was retiring with all the honors which had been showered upon her, when the primitive countryman, standing up and displaying his portly dimensions to the astonished multitude, exclaimed, with all the coolness imaginable, and without changing a muscle of his stolid face, "*Egad, the lass can sing a bit!*" With him the force of approbation "could no further go," and he resumed his seat quite satisfied that he had borne a fair share of testimony to the winning powers of the enchantress.

At the close of the entertainment, when the artists were waiting in their retiring room for the arrival of the carriages which were to convey them to their hotel, and when several gentlemen were aspiring to the honor of escorting the *prima donna* to her vehicle, the admiring countryman, who had so delicately appreciated her exertions, actually appeared before her, and making an ungainly bow, which almost destroyed his equilibrium, exclaimed, "You be in good fettle to-night, *miss*. I heard 'em shutting all sorts of things that don't belong to my lingo; but I said you could sing a bit; and I want you to accept a small return from me."

"Who is this good gentleman?" said Madame — much more amused than annoyed at his intrusive politeness.

The people present were too much astonished, and even chagrined, to attempt an answer to this question; but the worthy enthusiast saved them the trouble, by continuing his expressions of approval. "I thought," said he, "that my Kate could do a little in that line; but she must shut up shop after this. And if you won't be angry with me, *miss*, I should like to show, in a substantial way, what I feel in these matters." He then produced a long purse, and taking therefrom two sovereigns, held them towards Madame — saying at the same time, "It is but a trifle, *miss*; but if you'll accept it, I'll come and do you a good turn the next time you show yourself among us."

Our distinguished *artiste* assured her would-be patron that she neither accepted nor required such marks of favor—that she was sufficiently rewarded by the applause of her friends, without taking any pecuniary gift beyond that which she was entitled to, and that she begged, with all thanks, to be excused from availing herself of the proffered kindness. Nothing dismayed, however, by this graceful refusal, the countryman persevered, saying, that he should not think he had deserved the treat he had received, if the lady would not allow him to pay so nothing for it.

A gentleman present, suggested that he had paid for his admittance; and nothing more could possibly be expected from him. To this he replied, that he did not consider the payment for his seat absolved him from all further obligation, in such an instance as the present; and he must beg that *miss* would accept a trifle in compliment to himself.

Not wishing to prolong the discussion, as the carriage had now arrived, and thinking, perhaps, that after all, it would be better to humour the honest fellow's good intention, Madame — took the two sovereigns, with a significant smile, and a brief expression of thanks. On the following morning, she caused tickets to the like amount to be sent to the eccentric donor's address, for another concert, which was about to take place in the course of the same week; and thus the strange incident terminated.

Whether or not, the hero of the two sovereigns was present at the subsequent concert, did not transpire, but on the morning fixed upon for the departure of the opera troupe, the same individual drove up to the hotel in a tax-cart; and as Madame — was standing in the hall, preparatory to leaving, he placed at her feet a large basket filled with the choicest flowers. The *cantatrice* was no less astonished than pleased at so agreeable a sight, and was about to offer some remark, when our ingenuous friend said he had often been ashamed to see a handful of "nosegays" thrown at a singer; and he wanted to show that, if flowers were to be used as tributes to genius, they ought to be bestowed in something like a liberal spirit. It need hardly be said that the floral gift, so strangely and abruptly offered, was much more cheerfully accepted than the pecuniary one, the value of which had been so graciously and promptly returned. The satisfaction of the appreciative countryman was now complete, and Madame — never afterwards visited the same town, without receiving from him a similar token of respect and good will.

Amongst other places included in one of these tours, we had engaged to visit Dublin, and on the day of our departure for that city, the English coast was disturbed by a tempest of such unusual severity, that many captains objected to risk their vessels and their lives by venturing to leave the shore; but so urgent was the necessity for our party to reach the other side of the channel, (where the world-renowned names were blazoned forth on the walls of the Irish capital), that we readily embarked, full of anxiety lest the anger of Neptune should not only destroy our valuable lives, but deprive an expectant public of a long-looked for performance. It were superfluous to describe the distresses incidental to our tempestuous voyage—distresses from which neither rank, nor wealth, nor talent, nor fame, can claim exemption. Even the majesty of genius must humble itself before the monarch of the main; and the enrapturing voice of the syren must give way to the "blustering railer," whose discordant notes render all other sounds inaudible. Melody is said to "float through the air;" but assuredly it sinks in the turbulent waters, and it would be impossible, perhaps, to discover a more striking contrast than

is to be observed between the position of a favourite singer when she is enchanting the ears of her audience, and that of the same fair warbler when exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Seated between our *prima donna* and a rival songstress on this memorable voyage, was a young cantatrice of humble pretensions, whose means of consoling herself have an interest worth recording. She had two little children far away at home, and she would rather, she said, they were on board to share her fate (for the passengers one and all feared it was their lot to be drowned) than that they should be left to mourn her loss; when suddenly she reflected that she was sitting between two of the most distinguished heroines of the lyric stage, and it was hardly possible, she thought, that so much genius could be destroyed at one fell swoop! That idea sustained her through the perilous voyage, and she was *not* drowned. Could it be that she thought of the exclamation attributed to the illustrious Roman?—"What dost thou fear? Thou hast Caesar on board!"

The vessel arrived safely in port; and the hearty ovation paid to the troupe by the citizens of Dublin, proved how warmly they appreciated the considerate forbearance of King Neptune in not having deprived them of the treat that was in store for them.

I am almost tempted to give the reader some further insight into the private life of an opera singer; but that I know not by what assumed right I could make the world as wise as myself in regard to matters which, after all, the world has nothing whatever to do with. People are too apt to discuss the personal characters and habits of their "stage favorites," as if, because they derive pleasure and entertainment from them in public, they may claim the privilege of learning the history of their domestic concerns, and sitting in judgment upon their social merits as well as upon their professional abilities. There can be no valid reason why a public performer should be subjected to a sort of inquisition, from which, at least a lyric charmer who is supposed to soothe the savage breast by her dulcet tones ought certainly to be free.

In justice, however, to singers, as a body, and in contradiction of the commonly received theory, that Signor This or Mr. That, is as much addicted to pouring liquids into his throat, as he is to pouring liquid sounds from it, I am here induced to say, that during my experience of musical companies, I have ever found them to be uniformly moderate in their food, and temperate in their drink. Macaroni is their especial weakness, and light claret or pale ale their favorite beverage, and I never saw one of them taste, during the interval of the performances, anything stronger than beer, and that very generally in a wine glass!—But stop! I'm betrayed into the very error which I have expressed my desire and determination to avoid; and lest I should inadvertently tell the reader how many cups of Bohea a *prima donna* drinks, and how many cigars a tenor smokes; what time the big drum goes to bed; and at what hour the first fiddle wakes up; whether the *basso profundo* takes

sugar in his coffee; and whether the contralto eats peas with a knife;—lest, in fact, I should disclose all the little peculiarities and eccentricities which came to my knowledge—I will at once proceed to relate another incident which occurred during the expedition now especially referred to.

Wondrous things have been accomplished by skilled musicians; and their powers of memory are sometimes remarkable; but even the best informed on such subjects will scarcely credit the statement that on this identical tour an entire opera of Rossini's was once played by the orchestra without a single bar of music to assist them. This event occurred at ———, also on an occasion when "Il Barbière" was announced for performance, and the business at the box-office angured a very large attendance. By some unaccountable accident the music of the opera was left behind in London, and the fact was not discovered until it was too late to supply the omission. The music was not to be obtained in the town; and it was found to be impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, to substitute any other composition for the favourite opera announced. What was to be done? The singers were pauc-stricken, and the band began to sound their instruments as if they expected to find new virtues in them. It was left to the conductor to solve the difficulty, and he solved it by saying—much to the consternation of all concerned—that "they must play the opera through without the music." The band willingly assented, and so successfully was the task accomplished, that not a single fact transpired to indicate to the audience that the music was performed from memory! In token of his appreciation of this important service, the *entrepreneur* invited the whole troupe to a banquet, where all the "voices" and all the "instruments" sat down together in the most harmonious friendship, and nothing occurred to disturb their enjoyment, save the repeated attempts of the double bass to obtain a hearing, while he expressed his tremendous acknowledgements of the honor which their entertainer had conferred upon them. But this duty, though not left to his tender mercies, was judiciously discharged by another, and Mr. ——— in responding to the compliment, produced such general satisfaction amongst his auditors, that one and all gave note of their approval in sounds much more vociferous than harmonions.

One of our journeys on this "grand tour" involved the necessity of our starting at six o'clock in the morning, and as the railway station happened to be at some distance from the hotel, the party were compelled to rise between four and five. The knowledge of this fact rendered one of the tenors any thing but amiable and agreeable on the previous evening; for it was then the depth of winter, and Signor ——— was not accustomed to quit his bed till mid-day, even in the height of summer. However, he had received a telegraphic despatch stating that the morning concert, at which he was announced to sing, could not be postponed, and that if the company did not appear at the time, legal proceedings would be taken. Fulfilment of the engage-

ment was, therefore, unavoidable, and the party were all up in time to eat a hasty breakfast, with the exception of our friend the before-mentioned tenor; and the trouble of awakening him to a sense of our joint responsibility (for I had undertaken to insure his arrival at our destination) was so great, that a stall at the Opera for an entire season would scarcely compensate for it. The panels of his chamber door were almost shattered in the attempt to rouse him; and when at length he made his appearance, it was quite evident that he was fully prepared to be too late for the train, the hour of starting having actually arrived, and the distance to the station being about a mile and a half. A fly was at the door, and some few of his professional brethren were awaiting to accompany him, knowing that, without him, they might as well spare themselves the journey, the magic of his name being an all-powerful attraction at the impending concert. "More asleep than awake," and without so much as a cup of tea or coffee to fortify him for the wintry prospect before him, he was conveyed, almost by force of arms, from the hotel. Arrived at the station, it was discovered that, owing to an accident, the train would be upwards of half an hour after its time. Whereupon the woe-begone tenor was so chagrined at the discomfiting haste with which he had been driven to the scene, that he paced up and down the platform in a fit of the most virtuous indignation; and when steps were taken to pacify him, he expressed himself profoundly disgusted that "he was not informed the train was going to be late, as in that case, he would have had time for his breakfast and to get his voice in order!" To add to the unpleasantness of the predicament, he had been obliged, in common with the others of the party, to array himself, not in costume for travelling, but in such attire as would befit the concert room, as the time would no allow of any change of toilet on the arrival of the troupe at their destination. The appearance of these musical constellations, (who are not supposed to shine except in the night time) on the railway platform at six o'clock on a winter's morning, appalled in such a manner as to be more suggestive of "stepping out of a band-box" than into a railway carriage, was certainly an amusing illustration of the peculiar straits to which our lyric favourites are liable to be exposed; and to their credit it must be said that, although they may sometimes be defective in voice, they are invariably effective in costume. 'Tis true they are amply rewarded for all they do; but who shall gainsay the fact that they sometimes pay dearly for their fame, in submitting to intrusions on their privacy, and in being persecuted by inquisitive and reckless admirers. I need not remind my lady readers with what ardent determination members of their sex often pursue, from the stage to his own dwelling, a popular tenor, whose enchanting strains have so taken possession of their thoughts, that they merge every other passion in the one prevailing desire to catch a near glimpse of him, and, if possible, hear the sound of his voice addressed to their enraptured selves. As an instance of the influence exercised over the gentle

daughters of Eve by the favoured sons of song, the following somewhat romantic incident may be thought worthy of notice.

One fine afternoon, our hero of the tenor voice was walking by the seashore, and was a little perplexed to find that two young ladies, prettily and tastefully dressed, were watching his movements, and evidently guiding their steps according to the direction he took. If he stooped to pick up a shell, or stood to regard, with interest, the rising and receding of the glittering water, he observed that the two fair ones immediately halted; and when he proceeded on his way, they kept within so short a distance of him, that he could not possibly escape their notice. Happy tenor! to be they cynosure of innocent eyes, lighted up by admiration of thy all-absorbing self! At length he discovered that one of the nymphs was walking in advance of her companion, and was approaching nearer and nearer to the brink of the sea. They had now arrived at a spot which was not often visited by pedestrians, and it is not very likely that Signor —— would have ventured so far, but that he was curious to learn the end of the adventure (*for adventure*, his little ramble was evidently destined to be) and therefore he continued on his way, even to a jutting rock, beyond which it seemed dangerous to proceed. Turning round for a moment, he observed the foremost of the two damsels take off her shawl and bonnet, and deliberately jump into the sea, which at this point was some two or three feet below the level of the shore. "Save her! save her!" cried the terror-stricken companion of the suicide, "my sister will we drowned!" That the two adventurous damsels were sisters might be easily divined and the perplexed predicament in which they—or at least one of them—had placed Signor —— may be imagined with equal facility. Here was, indeed, a "situation," which demanded all his heroic powers to do full justice to! at a sequestered spot on the lone sea-coast one of the "ornaments" of the operatic stage seemed thus lured to his own destruction by two romantic sisters, one of whom had imperilled her life, and the other now loudly implored him to preserve it! He who had so often received the plaudits of admiring thousands, was suddenly called upon to play a part, without the accustomed sounds to stimulate his efforts, and to gladden his ears, in token of the popular appreciation! The position was imminent, and Signor —— was equal to the emergency. In an instant he had disburdened himself of his hat and coat, and the fair lady was safely restored to her sister's arms. "What could be her motive for attempting so rash an act?" was the natural inquiry that was made, when the event came to be known; and a truthful solution of the mystery was soon supplied by members of her family, who stated that she had been so much charmed by Signor ——'s performance on the previous evening, that she was resolved to place herself in his way, and to let him see that she was spell-bound by his powers of fascination. Well aware, however, of the impropriety of addressing him, and tortured by disappointment at the fact of his not speaking to her, when so favourable an opportunity presented

itself, she suddenly conceived the idea of leaping into the water, and thus risking her life, in order that, at least, she might become an object of interest in his eyes! "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"Who could the singer be?" exclaimed the young ladies who may chance to read this narrative, and who have themselves experienced a similar passion to that which was betrayed on this momentous occasion. "Who could it be, I wonder? Was it Mario, or Giuglini, or Gardoni, or—?"

Imagine it to have been all three, and many more, if you please, and there will be no monopoly of your approving rewards.

Such are a few of the more noticeable events which give an air of romance to the travels of our favourite singers; and I have purposely omitted all mention of names, in order that the reader may supply them according to his or her especial predilection.

G. H.

CATHERINA ZELLER.

A TRUE STORY.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1844, a vettura coming from Ferrara, arrived late in the afternoon at Viterbo, a town situate nearly forty English miles from Rome, and among the passengers was a young woman of attractive and lady-like appearance, who immediately on their arrival separated from her fellow-travellers, and put up at the most respectable inn in the place. Her appearance excited not a little curiosity, as no one except the police who called to see her passport, seemed to know her name, or the object of her visit, and the mystery was very much increased by the circumstance that no one afterwards saw her in the town, and that on enquiry at the locanda, it could only be ascertained that she left the second morning after her arrival. On that morning, however, at a very early hour, a young female, dressed in the habit of a pilgrim, might have been seen leaving Viterbo, and enquiring, outside the gate of the town, for the road which led to Rome. She wore a coarse stuff or woollen dress, of a dark brown colour, and the usual oil-cloth cape, with scollop shells and brass medals sewed upon it; the broad leaf of her pilgrim's hat almost wholly concealed her face; by her side hung a gourd; in one hand she carried a small parcel, and in the other bore a long slender staff, surmounted by a small brass cross. Her pilgrim's habit was in fact externally complete; but the coarse outside garments concealed fine and costly ones beneath, which were not at all consistent with the character which the wearer assumed.

The steps of our pilgrim were light enough for some miles of the way, but yet not so quick that she was not overtaken, when little more than an hour on the road, by a man who seemed journeying in the same direction. The new-comer, who might have been from five and twenty to thirty years of age, was a swarthy, dark-visaged man. He wore a loose round jacket of coarse blue cloth, leather gaiters, a red handkerchief tied

loosely round his neck, and a high peaked hat with the leaf turned up on the right side; and from his costume might be taken for a cattle-drover or bottero. On overtaking the pilgrim he slackened his pace, and accosted her with the usual salutation—"Bon' giorno, Signora."

"Signora is going, no doubt, to the Holy House of Loretto?" said he, after a short pause.

"No Signor, I am on a pilgrimage to the holy places of Rome," was the reply.

"Then we shall be fellow-travellers, for I too am going to Rome," he rejoined.

"I travel too slowly for you; I shall not be in Rome these three days, so you had better hasten on your way," quietly observed the young woman, to whom the proffered companionship was anything but agreeable.

"Oh, for my part, I am in no hurry; to me it is quite equal if I don't reach Rome this week; I prefer travelling with a pleasant companion and taking my time," said the bottero with a smile.

"Then I assure you, you would not find me a pleasant companion; I am on a pilgrimage, and prefer being occupied with my prayers; my best companions will be my guardian angel, my rosary and my staff," said the lady, hoping to extricate herself from the society of her fellow-traveller.

"Signora knows it is not safe to travel alone on these roads," he added.

"I think you must be mistaken," she coldly replied; "I am sure a pilgrim has nothing to fear on the road in any part of Italy."

There was a pause, and the man then said, at the same time touching his hat respectfully;—"If *sua eccellenza* will permit me, I shall be very happy to conduct her safely to Rome."

"Why do you address me as *eccellenza*?" enquired the lady; "I am but a poor pilgrim as you perceive."

"Excuse me," he said, again smiling, "I have the honor of speaking to the lady who has travelled from Ferrara."

"It is true I have travelled from Ferrara," was the answer.

"And perhaps farther—Signora is not an Italian," he added.

"Quite true; but you are now inquisitive, friend; you know I have not asked you how far you have travelled," she said.

"Oh," he added, with an air of great candor, "I have only come from Viterbo, my native place."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the lady with some sharpness.

"Excuse me, but why is Signora sorry?" said he.

"Because I have heard Italians say that nothing good comes from Viterbo, though I suppose that cannot be true," rejoined the lady, casting a calm and searching look on her companion.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the cattle-drover, "they give my town a bad name, but I am sure it is not worse than other places."

The firmness displayed by the lady in this conversa-

tion seemed to have the desired effect, for after a while her disagreeable companion quickened his pace, and disappearing in the distance, was not seen by her again that day. On the first evening she halted for the night at Ronciglione, and resuming her route at an early hour next morning, she resolved to make as much progress as possible towards the Eternal City.

The country through which she was passing, in its grand and arid scenery, and its associations, was sublime. The olive-trees and the vineyards did, indeed, afford abundance of verdure for a sweet landscape, had not the diaphanous atmosphere brought the naked precipices of the far-off hills into such close proximity to the beholder, as to mingle them with the foreground of the picture. The grey tufa, and the loose yellow volcanic earth, shewed themselves every where through the herbage; when the immediate successors of Romulus warred with the Etruscans on that same soil, the traditions of its volcanoes were even then too remote for preservation; and yet at this day the aspect of the country is much the same as if the lava had flowed down its hills within our own memory. The rugged and singular outline of Mount Soracte, whose name has been so strangely metamorphosed into Saint Oreste, rose not far off on the left hand; the Sabine hills appeared in the south-east; on the right hand ran the dreary ridge of high land which separates the old Cassian way and the valley of the Tiber from the road to Civita Vecchia and the sea shore; and the eye of our pilgrim was strained looking out in the south for the distant cupola of Saint Peter's, which the traveller sees, even while the seven hills among which it stands, are still mingling with the horizon. The loneliness of the road might well fill the solitary pedestrian with fear, did not the transparent quality of the atmosphere to which we have alluded, cause the distant towns and villages, perched upon crags, or peeping through remote olive groves, to seem so near, that one felt as if human society and aid were always within one's immediate reach. And thus our pilgrim journeyed on, always sustained by confidence, and only taking rest when she stopped to pray before the road-side crosses or shrines of the Madonna. In her second day's journey she again encountered the cattle-drover. He was waiting on the road-side, and pleaded lameness as an excuse for his tardy progress. He complained of the heat and of his poverty, and the fair pilgrim, out of pity, treated him to some wine at the next osteria.

About noon on the third day the pilgrim approached La Storta, a village of some half-dozen houses situated about seven miles from Rome. Near the entrance was a shrine of the Madonna, before which knelt, as she came up, an old Franciscan lay-brother, with bare head and feet, and wallet on back; while an elderly woman and child, both in the picturesque costume of the Campagna, were kneeling at one side. The group had come to say the mid-day angelus, and our fair pilgrim also knelt for the same purpose. She then placed a flower in a small vase which stood before the picture of the Blessed Mother and Child, and dropping a piece of silver in the hand of the mendicant friar, again knelt in prayer. Her

hat hung between her shoulders, suspended by a ribband round her neck, and disclosed the beautiful outline of her face and head. Her features were chiselled after the most exquisite model; her eyes shot forth a light of wonderful brilliancy, and her hair of flaxen fairness was gathered in a knot behind, save that the large gold-headed pin which fastened it, failed to prevent a slight ringlet from stealing down the graceful neck. She was very young—not more than twenty years of age; her expression was thoughtful and melancholy, and the elegance of her deportment, notwithstanding the simple shape and coarse materials of her dress, indicated gentle birth and education. Clasp ing her hands, she prayed with fervor, and could the thoughts of her heart have been audible, she might have been heard to say—

“O Madonna mia! I am near the end of this long, long journey, and yet I am more terrified than ever at what I have done in undertaking it. Alas! why have I left my home? why have I assumed this holy habit of which I am unworthy? I have tried to persuade myself that I am indeed a pilgrim, and that I set out to visit the tombs of the Apostles and the holy places of thy city, but my conscience tells me that there is another and a stronger motive which has brought me here. Oh! what sin and madness have I been guilty of! How grievously have I profaned the holy profession of a pilgrim by making it a cloak for human love! And after all, perhaps I may not see him in Rome, and if I do, perhaps I may find him changed—his mind absorbed by ambitious hopes in his profession, or his heart engaged to another! And what should he think of the wild rashness of my proceeding if he knows it? And how shall I discover myself to him, should I find him? And is it possible that my long pilgrimage to Rome may lead, after all, to nothing—nothing but despair? O Conrad, Conrad, every thought of thee only brings shame or terror to my poor heart. O father and mother, why have you been taken from me by death, and your unhappy Catherina left guideless in the world; poor, weak, weary, sinful, Catherina! O Madonna mia! will you not still be to me a mother?”

Thus did our poor pilgrim pray, and sob, and ejaculate, until she felt as if her heart would burst with the struggling emotions; and at length, long after the Angelus hour had passed, and after the others who had been praying before the shrine had departed, she rose from her knees, looked more cheerful, and proceeded with weary steps to enter the village, where no human being was, at that sultry hour, astir out of doors but herself. At the osteria where she stopped for refreshment, she found the cattle-drover seated before her. Her steps seemed constantly to lead her into his presence, but as his manner had been distant and most respectful ever since the conversation that passed between them the morning they had left Viterbo, his company had ceased to give her any annoyance or alarm; she saw that he was poor, and she paid his fare at the osterias where they met, and began to look upon him as an old attendant in whom she could confide.

About two miles from La Storta, on the road to

Rome, the traveller, in approaching the city, meets at his right hand a fragment of antiquity, to which popular tradition has given the name of Nero's tomb. It is one of the sepulchral monuments which lined the ancient Cassian Way, according to the old Roman custom, and the remains of many of which are still visible. A partly obliterated inscription, on a large marble slab which faced the ancient road, but is turned away from the present one, informs us that it was erected to the memory of one Caius Vibius Marianus, a Roman officer of high rank, and to other members of his family, probably in the latter days of the empire; and we know, besides, that the Emperor Nero was interred far from it, on the Pincian hill; but tradition, which has taken many a fantastic liberty with the antiquities of Rome, has called this monument on the Cassian Way, the tomb of Nero, and the association with the memory of that prince of all human monsters, has invested it, and will continue to invest it, with a certain character of horror.

On the morning after that which brought our pilgrim to La Storta, a courier passing the way was attracted by the appearance of some unusual object under the mouldering ruin to which we refer. He halted, and a moment's examination discovered to him the body of a murdered woman, clothed in a pilgrim's habit. He conveyed the news to the Roman police, and an alarm was soon spread far and near. It was true; the lovely young pilgrim whom so many had seen, or heard of, was found murdered at Nero's tomb! There were indeed, no newspapers to circulate the painful intelligence, but it passed with the rapidity of lightning from mouth to mouth. Then came the enquiry, by whom was she murdered? Here, too, public opinion quickly arrived at a conclusion. Several persons had observed the cattle-drover in the pilgrim's company, and some wagoners had recognized in him a certain An-tonio of Viterbo, a man of notoriously bad character. It was also remarked, that he was seen returning to Viterbo without having gone on to Rome, and that he carried a parcel which he had not the preceding day, when passing through La Storta. Various circumstances, in fine, pointed him out as the perpetrator of the crime, and no doubt whatever on the subject remained, when the police, who arrested him at Viterbo, discovered in the possession of his wife a parcel containing bloody clothes, which were identified as the property of the murdered lady. The character of the man might be judged from the fact, that although married but three months, he had not during more than half of that time lived with his wife, and that he now returned to her only with the produce of his crime.

In the mean time it was bruited in Rome, that the name of the lady was Catherina Zeller; that she was a native of Bavaria, and belonged to a family of high rank; and the romantic circumstances connected with it, as well as the atrocity of the crime, produced extraordinary excitement. Various rumours on the subject got afloat, but for a long while a profound mystery enveloped the whole affair. Some would have it that the lady was a pious enthusiast, who had undertaken so

extraordinary a pilgrimage to expiate an imaginary sin, and this was the report which the friends of her family wished to propagate; but the true version of the story was, that she was coming to Rome to see her lover, who was a student of the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts in that city; and that she had formed the plan of seeing him without being recognized, and of ascertaining for herself how he lived, and whether he was worthy of her love.

We may imagine the anguish of the young artist when he learned the name of the lady, and conjectured, as he had good reason to do, that it was her love for him which had brought her on that fatal journey. The sacrifices which the fond love of woman's heart is so constantly making, or prepared to make, are seldom fully understood or appreciated, but it was indeed a fearful sacrifice which the beautiful and unfortunate Catherina had made for the object of her affection.

Let us not blame the Roman laws for the facilities which they afford to a criminal to escape from the hands of justice, until we remove the beam from our own eye, and let us rather call to mind the many atrocious crimes which have been allowed to go unpunished in our own country, and in very recent years, through some quibble of our boasted laws, and at the very time that no doubt remained on the public mind, of the guilt of those whom the dexterity of our lawyers had rescued from condign punishment,—let us not then be astonished that the murderer of the unhappy Catherina was able to avail himself, to a very great extent, of these so-called merciful provisions of the Roman law. He tried all the appeals from one court to another, which that law authorises, even in criminal cases, and was able to ward off the final judgment against him from the September of 1844, until about the Easter of 1845. In all probability, he would ultimately have escaped, had his victim been only the poor pilgrim which she appeared to be; an assertion which may be made without throwing any slur upon the merciful laws of the Eternal City, when, as has been said, we consider the verdicts which our own juries are coerced by our legal forms to return in the face of their own convictions, and when we recollect, moreover, that the chain of circumstantial evidence against him was not absolutely complete. The last appeal was to the mercy of the charitable confraternity, which has the privilege of annually releasing a condemned criminal in Rome: but all was in vain. The friends of the murdered lady were powerful, and the Bavarian Minister, at the Pontifical Court, urged on the prosecution, until the wretched criminal at length expiated his crime on the scaffold, near the Bocca de la Verità. In his last moments he confessed his guilt, and admitted that plunder was his only object in committing the murder. He saw the deceased change a piece of gold one day, when paying his expenses at an osteria, and from that moment he was resolved to commit the robbery. Roman artists have perpetuated the memory of the tragedy by representations of the beautiful pilgrim; and travellers, when they now visit the so-called Tomb of Nero, associate with the monument the sad fate of Catherina Zeller, on her pilgrimage of love. M. H.

MY FIRST (AND LAST) DAY AT MR. WALKER'S.

WHEN I say at Mr. Walker's, I mean at his daily English and Mercantile Academy, formerly situate in Cork-street in this city. There is no use in looking for the establishment now; it is gone like its principal; but lest any should be sceptical of its existence at all, I take the trouble of pledging myself that it did exist, and flourish too in its day. Moreover, I am pretty certain that such young gentlemen as had the happiness of being under the care of Mr. Walker at his English and Mercantile Academy, and still survive, retain to this day lively recollections of that excellent man's system of imparting instruction as I do myself, although, owing to circumstances, my experience of it was limited to one day. How I got into the hands of Mr. Walker, I never rightly understood. I suppose in the absence of satisfactory evidence on the point, my father, who was one of the mildest and simplest of men, had heard a good account of Mr. Walker's academy, as an educational establishment, without having heard anything of Mr. Walker's peculiar discipline, and selected it for me as the best for my promotion in learning, a matter he was anxious about, I being then seven years of age, and enjoying the reputation of being a smart intelligent lad, of whom many warm-hearted friends had thus early predicted that he would, in due time, become "a counsellor." At this period a strong desire possessed me to acquire the distinctions and privileges of a school-boy, of which the principal in my mind was the carrying across my shoulders in public a full-sized baize bag containing my school-books and lunch enveloped in paper, and strapped thereon. I had up to the time of my transference to Mr. Walker, concerning which I have now to say something, been instructed in my English course by an ancient female, who, in her young days, had been the schoolmistress and playmate of my father, and in whom he had strong faith, and probably, it was my unconcealed discontent at the position I held, and my frequently-expressed desire to exchange to an academy, by which I would acquire the distinction I so much coveted of carrying the baize bag, that led my father to look about for a suitable school, and finally to select Mr. Walker's. The financial and other preliminaries necessary to be discussed with Mr. Walker before I was entitled to have conferred upon me the advantages of his English and Mercantile Academy, were all, I presume, duly and satisfactorily arranged before I was called from behind the counter of my parent's shop, where I was displaying my abilities as a pyrotechnist in the manufacture of a number of simple but effective fireworks, known amongst juveniles in those days as "devils," (and which were to be let off with the usual *éclat* in crowded thoroughfares, for the gratification of the public, in the course of the evening), to be introduced to Mr. Walker. This ceremony took place in the parlour, where Mr. Walker had been for a considerable period taking tumblers of punch, for which I subsequently

learned he had a vast capacity, with my father, as a sort of ratification of the contract under which I was to be given over bodily and mentally to Mr. Walker, the following day, to do with the same as he thought fit, in consideration, of course, of a certain sum sterling per quarter.

"This is my young gentleman," my father said, as I entered. "I hope you'll make a scholar of him."

I grinned, of course, and looked up at Mr. Walker, who rose from his chair as I entered; instantly I became disturbed in my mind. His face seemed to me wonderfully like the fox's which I was accustomed to see at the Zoological Gardens. From the earliest time that I was able to make what in my mind were comparisons, I had a faculty of discovering analogies in the countenances of my fellow-beings, and those of animals of the lower order. My precocious intelligence and sharp observation were, I suppose, the cause of this. The practice has continued with me ever since; at this moment I point to a man with whom I have intimate intercourse as having, as nearly as possible, the face of a gorilla, as presented in authentic portraits. Another man of my acquaintance, I have satisfied myself, has the countenance of a sleek tabby; a third, too, I feel no doubt, has the facial expression of the camel. Mr. Walker, I repeat, had a face strikingly like the fox's; the general effect of it, however, was far worse than that much condemned animal's. This digression is, I feel, not at all *ad rem*; however, I pass on to say, that Mr. Walker, after my introduction to him, smiled down on me in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner. He was taking my measure, to use the common phrase; I, too, was taking his as well as I could. He was a small, mean-looking man, carrying a large misshapen head, much on the one side, which gave him a singular and unpleasant appearance. He had fiery red hair, whiskers of a similar hue, and it occurred to me that he had fiery red eyes also, which glared fiercely whether he liked or not. His attire was an old and seedy suit of black, very roomy in every department, the cuffs of his body coat were turned up very much, which allowed a full, and to me, I recollect, a very unsatisfactory view of large bony, hair-covered hands, very suggestive of mischief. The general aspect of Mr. Walker was exceedingly depressing to me that evening, because I was always very susceptible of first impressions, and here, let me say, I had somehow formed a rapid conviction concerning Mr. Walker, of a disagreeable character, which was, that if Mr. Walker happened upon any occasion to fall out with his young gentlemen, the consequences would certainly be personally disastrous to them. The fact that I was to become one of Mr. Walker's young gentlemen, therefore, made me feel rather queer, and I would gladly have abandoned my ambitious yearning to be free from any further acquaintance with that gentleman. I endeavoured, however, to keep up my spirits, and my replies to some mild interrogatories put by Mr. Walker to test my educational proficiency, were such as to elicit that gentleman's warm commendations; indeed he was good enough to indulge in a prophetic

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statement that he would be bound he'd make a scholar of me, or he would know the reason why.

"I never met one, sir," said he to my father, "that I could not hammer it (the learning) into—not one. I will expect my young friend to-morrow at ten." Mr. Walker then withdrew.

At ten o'clock next morning, I was ascending, in company with my mother, the stairs leading to Mr. Walker's Academy, which was on the second floor of an old dilapidated mansion, situated as already stated in Cork Street. As we approached the door of the front apartment, a low, amalgamated hum of many voices was perceptible, and when the door was opened by Mr. Walker himself, in answer to the knock given by my mother, a somewhat noisy clattering from the young gentlemen inside burst on our ears. I was quickly handed over to Mr. Walker's care, and as my mother descended the stairs, I was being conducted to a seat in the Academy by my master. The school-room was not over-cheerful in aspect; a large, old-fashioned apartment with badly-whitened walls, the ceiling of dingy hue, discolored in many places near the windows by damp; still, however, with the decayed remains of former ornamentation in the corners and centre, which showed that in old times the house was a highly respectable structure. It was lighted by two long and narrow windows, looking into the street, the light struggling feebly through the murky panes, patched here and there with pieces of glass and paper. The effect was most dispiriting. Several common desks were ranged along the room, with forms, on which were seated the pupils of Mr. Walker, to the number of between thirty and forty, varying in age, as I afterwards was enabled to see, from six to fourteen years. They all appeared to be industriously engaged with their lessons; eyes steady on the books, voices repeating progress; a confused chant, of which the hearer could at first make nothing.

Mr. Walker seated me on a form alongside another young gentleman, who seemed to be studying hard; and having inspected my books, which consisted of "Carpenter's Tables"—"Murray's Grammar"—"Catechism," and one or two other standard works—set me to study for the next day, as it was understood I was not to commence till then, active business. This done, Mr. Walker repaired to a sort of presidential seat near to the fire-place; across this seat there lay a long and thick cane, and on the mantel-piece I observed a plethoric mahogany ruler.

It would seem that my entrance had disturbed Mr. Walker in the immediate hearing of a grammar class, for on resuming his seat, he took up the long and thick cane, and with a slash of it across a neighbouring desk, that made my heart thump, he roared out:—"Grammar Class,—quick boys,—or I'll know why!" Feeling no doubt Mr. Walker would know why, according to custom, about a dozen lads, who, I suppose, were there summoned, dived from their seats and ranged themselves in a line before Mr. Walker, book in hand, and with a most uneasy expression of countenance.

U

"Small!" shouted Mr. Walker, "you are not placed right, my boy; how is this? You were fifth, not fourth—distinctly fifth—that is one—out with it, my boy!"

The party thus addressed, a diminutive lad of seven, with a worn face, evidencing continued mental anxiety, promptly extended his left hand, but then, with a rapid, nervous movement, kept it going backwards and forwards. Mr. Walker cunningly inserted the end of the thick cane under the boy's hand, accompanied the movement for a moment or two, then suddenly drawing it back, delivered a stinging smack across the top of Small's fingers. The boy gave a convulsive start; he shook his hand in the air several times, then put it under his right arm, where he held it tightly, but he uttered nothing. I began to get frightened.

"Do that again, Small," said Mr. Walker, "and you won't like it."

If Mr. Walker meant to convey that Small absolutely liked it, then I think he was cruelly jesting, but this seemed to be Mr. Walker's manner.

The class being arranged in such order as not to challenge any further emendations of Mr. Walker, that gentleman proceeded to put the boys through their grammar exercise. I am unable just now to say whether the performance was creditable or not to the young gentlemen; but I am quite clear about the fact, that during the progress of the "hearing," more than one hundred slashes of the thick cane were administered by Mr. Walker amongst the class. I counted them as an exercise in addition, but could not tell how many fell to the lot of each boy, for all the boys were constantly changing, up to the head and down to the foot, each change downward being to the party concerned a change for the worse. The scene indeed was rather terrifying, at least it was so to me, who never saw anything like it before. The villainous playing of Mr. Walker's cane under the hands as they shifted to avoid the stroke, the eyes of the young victims gleaming with fright, the heavy slashes across the fingers; the contorted faces of the sufferers; their spasmodic writhings for the instant—all these I saw from my seat, and my heart sank at the notion that I too was in due time to take my place, and the contingencies attaching thereto, in Mr. Walker's classes. The horrid proceedings I am mentioning attracted more or less of the attention of some of the young gentlemen in various parts of the room; many of them raised their eyes from their books or slates for a moment to see who was "catching it," as schoolboys say; but it turned out a misfortune to them to have done so, for Mr. Walker, after he had dismissed the class to their seats with hands on fire, made a tour of the apartment, and bestowed on the ears of sundry young gentlemen heavy clouts with the mahogany ruler, for general inattention to business in the way already mentioned. As well as I recollect, Mr. Walker heard other classes during the forenoon, attended by similar events to those already described; his cane was rarely off the hands of the pupils; he appeared to me to relish amazingly his privilege of inflicting his torturing

"pandies" on the poor little fellows that were trembling before him. At two o'clock he issued a mandate for copies, and forthwith nearly all the lads, except a few of the very young, produced their copy-books from their desks, and pen in hand went through their lines as best they could. From desk to desk Mr. Walker went, inspecting the caligraphy of his boys; he carried with him the plethoric ruler, and for causes to this writer ever unknown, he dealt out severe punishment. I heard no improvements in the style of writing suggested or illustrated by Mr. Walker; no word of commendation was uttered, but a slight glance over the copy of each pupil seemed to disclose sufficient cause for the infliction upon him of the pains and penalties in which Mr. Walker delighted. At times, too, I observed with surprise young gentlemen, engaged in writing, would leave their seats, walk deliberately up to where Mr. Walker might be standing, and without any ostensible reason, hold out their hands to Mr. Walker, who, as if quite understanding the whole thing, chastised the hands as usual. I wished to know what was the sense of this mysterious proceeding, and to that end interrogated my young friend beside me, who was good enough to inform me that whoever had the misfortune to make a blot, ever so small, on his copy, was liable therefore to a "pandy," that all blots were counted by Mr. Walker in his inspection, with a view to balance accounts, and as it was better to take out the punishment by instalments than in the aggregate, the writers preferred, when a blot occurred, to wipe off that at once by going straight to Mr. Walker, and producing their hands for the use of his ruler.

"That's the way it is," my little friend added, "but it's worse with the slates?"

"How with the slates?" I enquired.

"Arithmetic," he replied, "suns. Wait till you see. One is nothing; two is something; three comes on; four is a flogging. That's the way it is," said the little boy, after he had recited his dismal illustration of Mr. Walker's rule in arithmetic. "Six were flogged yesterday," he continued, "for suns. I was flogged yesterday. Perhaps you'll be flogged to-morrow."

This statement, spoken rather confidently, very much increased the general uneasiness I felt at my situation; I wished I had never become a pupil of Mr. Walker's.

"You don't believe me," said my little friend, seeing I was in a brown study; "well, suns will be on in a minute or two, and you will see."

He was right. Mr. Walker, having satisfactorily disposed of his writing-class, summoned about two-thirds of his academy to arithmetical exercises. The boys were seated on forms in a half circle before him, with their slates and pencils ready, and their eyes fixed intently on him. Mr. Walker opened "Gough" at a particular place, and therefrom stated the arithmetical problem that was to be solved, which was duly taken down, so at all events, I presume, on each slate. He then gave five minutes for the working off by the class of the solution. Busily the boys went to work, hard and fast they kept at it; one finished, put his slate on a

chair near Mr. Walker, figured face down; another finishes, puts his slate on top of first; all in turn do the same. Mr. Walker takes up the last slate, looks at it, and puts it by, saying nothing. The owner of that slate brightens up. The next slate is examined, and Mr. Walker utters the word, "Jones, one; mind yourself, Jones!"

"Jones was flogged yesterday, too," said my young companion; "and the day before. He is never right in sum."

The prophetic tone of my little friend made me quake for Jones; I had a presentiment that I was that day to witness the flogging of Jones, and the prospect made me feel sick.

"Well, Mr. Walker went through all the slates; some he passed as being right; others he announced to have incurred "one." Again a problem was put: taken down, worked at, and the slates examined. A few escaped. "One" and "two" against certain boys of the class respectively were announced by Mr. Walker; the process is repeated, then it is "one, two, three," as the case may be; finally there is one, two, three, and four, the latter in a couple of cases, and the exercise closed, and the class broke up. Two boys remained in their seats with horror-stricken faces.

"It's Jones and Green, again," said my informant. "There's the cat." He pointed to something which I had not previously noticed hanging on a nail over the mantel-piece. To a juvenile it appeared at first sight to be a confiscated instrument termed a "lashers," for the lashing of tops. I soon saw that it fulfilled an exactly contrary duty.

Mr. Walker with his cane scored off the accounts of those of the arithmetic class, against whom "one" and "two" were recorded. I observed that his manner was savage in doing this, as if he felt he was cheated somehow by the boys not having incurred the fatal "four." He then approached the mantel-piece, and standing on a chair, took down from the wall the cat. This instrument of torture comprised a wooden handle about twelve inches long, to which were attached nine pieces of whip cord, each piece having several hard knots; between these knots small pieces of tin were fastened to the cord.

"Jones first!" said Mr. Walker, laying the cat on a desk, and taking off his coat, as if he was preparing himself for a flogging. Jones, aged ten, approached, deadly pale.

"He always takes off his coat," said my little friend, "lest he might burst it,—he did so once."

Mr. Walker, when Jones approached him, laid hold of that unhappy lad's collar, and desired him, in a low voice, to remove his outer garments. Jones, standing within three inches of Mr. Walker, quietly took off his little jacket and vest.

"Byrne, come here," said Mr. Walker, taking up the cat.

Byrne, a stoutly-made boy, seemingly the biggest in the school, walked from his seat.

"Hoist Jones," continued Mr. Walker.

The stout lad took Jones in his arms, placed him on a form, then took him on his back. I was shivering

with fright. The assemblage in the schoolroom seemed rather awe-stricken; all were awaiting the next act, which was not long coming.

Mr. Walker, having Jones hoisted comfortably, quickly completed the usual arrangements for flogging that boy, after the fashion in which the privates in the British army are flogged, only Mr. Walker inflicted more indignity upon the sufferer, and perhaps more brutality. He lashed the bare skin of Jones till the blood was ready to burst through, unmindful of the shrieks of the lad, which were piercing, and then said, "Unhorse Jones!"

Byrne put the boy down, who was still howling.

"Dress yourself quickly, Jones," said Mr. Walker, "and mind yourself; to-morrow I won't let you off so easily; you must mind your business, or I'll know the reason why."

The boy shrunk away with his clothes to a corner.

"Come here, Green!" said Mr. Walker, preparing for a repetition of the scene. The victim came up slowly. He was eleven years of age, and of delicate frame; his face was blanched.

"Strip, my boy!" Mr. Walker said, looking at him as a hyena would eye a sheep.

"For the love of God, master, let me off this time," cried Green, in a voice of intense earnestness. "Do, master—oh, do—for the love of God!"—He fell on his knees at Mr. Walker's feet, and looked up piteously at him.

"Let you off," replied Mr. Walker calmly, "let you off, Green. Not at all—no hurry, my boy—hurry, I say (shaking him roughly by the shoulder), or I'll tear the clothes off you."

"Oh, I can't bear it—I can't, I can't; I'll die—oh let me off, master; let me off this time," yelled Green, throwing himself at full length on the ground, and writhing in an agony of terror.

Mr. Walker stooped, grasped Green with both hands, and lifted him to a form. He then, despite the resistance of the boy, who in his desperation did resist to the utmost, tore off his jacket, waistcoat, and shirt, and placed him struggling, kicking, and screaming for mercy on the back of Byrne, who grasped the boy's legs tightly, and then Green was flogged with the cat till the pain had almost brought on convulsions. He was at length released, and sent to dress himself. The horrible details of these scenes of horror are to this hour impressed upon my memory. I was a fascinated spectator while they were being enacted. My sensations throughout were terror and disgust. I regarded Mr. Walker's schoolroom as a torture-chamber, and Mr. Walker himself as an executioner, and mentally resolved, before the day had closed, that come what would, never again should I place myself in that man's power.

At three o'clock the school was dismissed, Mr. Walker, as I was going out, said, "Be in to-morrow at ten; any boy that comes late is punished." I answered that I would be in at ten, but did not mean to keep my word. I bade my young friend adieu in the street below, and went home. To the questions of my parents as to how I liked Mr. Walker's academy, I made but very

scant replies. I was ashamed to open my mind then on the subject, fearing that I would be regarded as too soft-hearted. I went to bed, however, determined to "mitch"—that was the word amongst schoolboys—the following day. And I did so. I went with my baize bag and lunch to the Park instead of Mr. Walker's academy in Cork street. I wandered about the Fifteen Acres, as I thought, till long after school hours, but I was mistaken, for I reached home at two o'clock. My father asked me what brought me home at that hour. I confess I at once told a lie. I said Mr. Walker had given a half holiday, and the explanation was accepted for a time. During the evening, however, I was questioned on several matters connected with the school, and my replies were such as to excite suspicion that I had absented myself that day from Mr. Walker's. Our female servant was sent to Cork street to make due inquiry, and she came back with the following note addressed to my father:—

"Dear Sir,—Please send Master Thomas to school at nine A.M. to-morrow, that he may be chastised for playing truant and telling falsehood, before business commences at ten.—Yours truly, J. WALKER."

When this doleful communication was read for me, I at once got into a paroxysm of fright, and I raised such an outcry as seriously alarmed my family. I recounted then all I saw the day previous at Mr. Walker's—the pandying, the flogging, the general tortures inflicted, and I screeched out that I would never go to Mr. Walker's school. And I was never sent. My father willingly forfeited my quarter's pension (paid in advance) sooner than subject me to Mr. Walker's discipline. Nor did that gentleman trouble himself about me any further. When he found I was not sent to the academy, he let the matter rest there. I have in this little sketch exaggerated nothing of what occurred at Mr. Walker's school. The terror which possessed me on the occasion was not the result of my uncommon timidity. I was just as legitimately strong-minded as any lad of my age; but having always been treated with the utmost kindness at home, and in my previous schooling, I was unprepared for the barbarous system of Mr. Walker, and the development of it suddenly made me succumb. Since then I have roughed it in other schools, at home and in the country, without complaining; but I must confess that they were of a different stamp to Mr. Walker's. I have not yet realized the expectations of my friends of becoming a counsellor, but hope one of those days to be "called to the bar," after the fashion so graphically described in a recent number of *The Hibernian*. Let me repeat that I have not been dealing in fiction. I know that there are some grown-up men in this metropolis who could evidence my little narrative, and depose, if necessary upon oath, that what I described was something like the daily routine of Mr. Walker's academy, for years before and years after the day it was my lot to spend in that most unpleasant educational establishment.

THE BUCCANEERS' CASTLE.

"To the right, wheel!" said the colonel.

The regiment, at his word, turned sharply, their scabbards jingling, their swords flashing, and a rolling cloud of dust overhead, as they thundered along the level strand.

"Halt!"

The dust-cloud ascended slowly into the air, disclosing beneath four long lines of horsemen, as they now sat their steeds like statues, facing the straight verge of the sunny sea, which scarcely rippled on the grey sand.

On rode the colonel with his orderly behind him, casting many a sharp look on the appointments and accoutrements of the men as he proceeded. The strand upon which glittered his long lines of horsemen stretched away along the estuary of a broad and navigable river in the south of Ireland. At its north-eastern extremity lay the town, a busy and flourishing seaport, many of the inhabitants of which were now congregated upon the green, sloping shore above, to witness the review of that splendid cavalry regiment before its embarkation for the Low Countries.

He halted as he came to the extreme left of the line, right in front of a young lieutenant, who sat his horse as though he were part and parcel of the animal. This young officer was a fine-looking man in every sense of the word, tall and strongly built, and with that exquisite proportion of limb that betokens a combination of strength and agility. His age might have been twenty-four, or thereabouts, but there was that in the expression of his bronzed face and piercing black eyes, which showed that he had seen more of the "ups and downs," and vicissitudes of the world than many of his seniors in the regiment into which he had exchanged about a week previously. His name was Bernard Neville.

Now what was it that made Bernard Neville's brown cheek wax pale, and his coal-black eyes burn with an ominous and sinister light as the colonel halted opposite him? It will be seen presently.

"Sir," said the colonel, "why is it that you have not put on your new gorget, in obedience to my general order to the regiment to-day?"

Neville's eyes only sparkled brighter, but he answered not a word.

"Speak, sir," resumed the colonel, angrily. "And since we are in the humour for questions, why is it that you have mounted that light hunter instead of the regimental troop-horse?"

"Because I was better employed," answered Neville, with a strange sneer.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, endeavouring to keep down his rising anger. "You had better weigh your words, Mr. Neville, ere you speak thus to your commander. How were you employed, pray, that you were prevented from obeying the order?"

"I was talking to an old man, who was formerly my

father's servant, and who is now a disabled soldier in the town."

"What has that to do with the present case, Mr. Neville? You had better answer clearly, or you shall march back to the barracks under arrest!"

"It has everything to do with the question," answered Neville, making his horse pace forward to within about half a perch from his colonel—"everything, and I will answer clearly according to the order. Do you remember," continued he, in a low, husky, but fierce tone, "that at Amsterdam, twenty years ago, you shot an officer unfairly in a duel? I am that officer's son, but I knew not how my father died till an hour ago, when his servant, the poor soldier, told me. I am that officer's son, but I knew not till to-day that you were his murderer. I am his son, base villain, and I thank my stars I have lived to be his avenger!"

With that he suddenly drew one of his pistols, which he had ready in the holster for the terrible occasion, levelled it at his commander, and fired. The ball passed right through the old colonel's breast, and he fell heavily from his horse, mortally wounded, on the sand. A strong gust of wind at the same instant blew over the waters and rolled the waves noisily on the shore. The dragoons and a few officers who were near, sprang from their horses and surrounded the dying man, but so confused were all at the suddenness of the deed that they made no attempt to secure the vengeful lieutenant till the latter, giving spur and bridle to his swift horse, was sweeping up the height where stood the townspeople, trembling witnesses of the dreadful scene.

"After him!" exclaimed the expiring colonel, with his hand upon his breast, vainly endeavouring to keep back the blood—"Right about—pursue! pursue! pursue!"

Then it was that, as their colonel dropped back in his last sleep, the whole regiment, as if by a common impulse, turned, levelled their carbines, and fired after the wild fugitive as he topped the height. But he escaped the volley, and now, as he shaped his mad course along the shore, that splendid body of horse at last thundered after him in pursuit.

The shore along which Bernard Neville now urged his horse at its topmost speed at first sloped gently down to the water, but about half a mile beyond, became more precipitous, and at last ended apparently on the far horizon in a jagged promontory, beyond which, however, it extended far away between the melancholy sea at one side, and at the other a wide waste of bog and rolling moorland without a single human habitation to relieve its black, barren, and stern aspect of loneliness and desolation. Keeping still close to the edge of the sea he swept on, never for a moment even looking back upon his pursuers, till he approached the craggy ascent of the aforesaid promontory. As his horse toiled up this rugged height, he turned in the saddle, and beheld the dragoons in scattered troops rattling away upon his track along the low shore behind, pointing towards him with their swords, and calling to each other to increase their speed.

"Now," muttered Neville to himself, "I happen to know this shore, and however swiftly they ride, I hope to elude them, for the night is coming on. 'Quick! quick!' continued he, addressing his noble steed, that bravely bore him up that toilsome ascent—"quick, boy—they think they will have me soon, but you will save me yet!"

At length he gained the summit of the promontory, and looking back once more, beheld his pursuers toiling upward, their arms and helmets glittering in the ruddy light of the setting sun, and their scattered array appearing like a red flame driven on its devouring course by the autumn wind up the side of a dry heathery mountain.

"Away, away!" resumed he to his horse, as he swept down the descent at the other side. "When they top the hill they will find their prey not such a laggard as they think!"

The gust of wind that had arisen at the moment the old colonel fell from his horse had been followed by another of greater strength and longer duration, and now a continuous gale blew towards the shore, raising the heretofore tranquil water into white waves, and dashing them upon the rocks with a hollow and melancholy murmur, the hoarse and dreary sound of which upon that coast was the sure presage of an approaching storm. Beyond the dark summits of a distant range of hills the blood-red sun was sinking amid two masses of driving cloud that threatened soon to blot out its light altogether, and right in front of the fugitive the ruddy and fitful beams were reflected by a narrow arm of the sea that stretched several miles inland. This shallow inlet, about a furlong inside its mouth, was partly fordable at low water, but now the tide was rapidly coming in, and where, during the greater part of the day a flat sandy strip stretched almost entirely across, Bernard Neville, as he looked eagerly forward, beheld a long line of white foam careering inward, followed at regular intervals by others swifter and higher, till at length, as he approached the place, the whole shallow appeared one unbroken expanse of water.

The dragoons, instead of keeping right behind him, now struck upward across the desolate moorland, in order to intercept him, should he, as they imagined he would, turn by the shore in order to get round the inlet. But they had to do with a desperate and courageous man, for instead of endeavouring by increased speed to get beyond them as they expected, Neville now brought his horse to a sober canter as he approached the edge of the water, and taking a solitary crag on the other side as a landmark, at once dashed in, and then floundered onward bravely for some moments. His pursuers, with a simultaneous shout as they observed this, turned sharply to the left, and came rushing on over the waste with the hope of reaching the beginning of the shallow ere he had got out of the range of their short carbines. The water, as he went on, was scarcely beyond a foot in depth, but as he gained a point near the middle of the inlet, it gradually began to get deeper, and at last lay before him in a narrow channel, up which

the tide swept like the current of a swift river, the wavy but shallow water at either side appearing much calmer in comparison. And now the water was up to his horse's knees, and began rapidly rising till it reached the saddle girths.

"No matter," muttered Neville to himself, as with set teeth and rigid face he prepared to commit himself and his brave horse to the mercy of the strong mid-current—"no matter. There is certain death behind, but there is still a chance before."

The next moment the waters rose around him as if he had fallen into a deep gulf, and he knew by the swaying motions of his horse that the noble beast had at last lost foothold underneath, and was swimming. At last the dragoons, on arriving at the shore, after extending themselves into a long line in as advanced a position as they dared, amid the rising water, unslung their carbines, and at the word of their commander sent a volley after the struggling fugitive.

"Ha, ha!" shouted Neville, in a wild kind of frenzy, as the bullets whistled and hissed and splashed round him, "a chance yet! Yes, poor fellow," and he bent forward and patted his horse upon the shoulder, "you will save me yet! On! on!"

Darker and thicker floated the shadows down upon the wild and terrible scene, and the water began now to rise so high that the captain of the troop was forced to order his men to retire some distance.

"It is useless to hit a dying man," he muttered to himself. "By my soul, but he is a brave fellow. And yet he has now no chance of escape even without our firing a shot."

Another detachment had now arrived at the shore, and was riding forward through the water to deliver their fire. As they formed into a line and looked forward over the gloomy inlet, Neville and his horse appeared like a black speck upon the steel-grey water. They thought he was still swimming, but by an amount of coolness, judgment, and strength almost superhuman, he had contrived to get across the deep channel, and was once more struggling onward with a solid footing for his horse underneath. Again the wide waste of billows was lit by the red flashes of the carbines, and Neville, as with renewed hope, he guided his steed in the direction of the rock he had first taken as a landmark, was thrown suddenly into the water; his horse was shot, but the dying animal employed his remaining strength in trying to gain the firm shore, which his instinct taught him to expect in front. The wind was blowing furiously over the water, and the night had set in, so that the dragoons, as they looked forward in the indistinct light, could barely see the body of the horse, after the poor animal had snorted out its last breath, floating helplessly with the rolling waves. Their work was done, and as they wheel'd round and splashed back to the shore, a loud shout told their companions who were awaiting them that they had taken full vengeance for the death of their colonel.

But Bernard Neville was living for all that. With a desperate grasp he still clutched the bridle of his dead

horse, and thus kept himself above the water that had at last risen more than a fathom upon the flat shallow. Louder and more furious grew the wind, piping with deafening clamour over the turbulent expanse, but he still held on, looking occasionally with wistful eyes upon the black waste that stretched to the left as he was swept up the roaring inlet, into which, somewhat less than a furlong in front of him, a low tongue of the moorland extended itself right in the course in which he was driven.

"You will save me yet," he muttered hoarsely, as he rose from a boiling wave that had submerged him for a moment. "My curse upon the hand that fired that shot: but no matter, you will save me yet!" and he grasped the loose bridle with a firmer and bolder hand. The roar of the waves rushing over the flat shore beyond, became momentarily louder, but their sound was not unpleasant to his ears, for he knew they would soon cast him upon firm land. At last one immense billow that seemed to spread across the whole inlet, arose behind him, and came thundering on with increased speed as it approached. Clutching the bridle with both hands, he held his breath, awaiting its coming. At length, with a deafening roar it overtook him, and when it retired again with a shock against the next that followed, he found himself stretched by the dripping body of his horse upon firm land. Another wave was coming on, and to avoid it as well as the weak state he was in would allow, he crawled forward, and stood tottering and scarcely knowing what he did, gazing back upon the turbulent waste of waters from which he had so wonderfully escaped.

He now turned, chill and weary, and leaving the foam-covered strand, walked on till he reached the precipitous coast, along which he pursued his way with stern and unflinching resolution, although the rain was still pouring down in blinding torrents, and the commingled wind and sea roaring with a deafening clangour that might well appal even a stouter heart than his. At length beside a naked crag that crowned the ridge of a steep promontory, he rested for a while, intending not to pursue his way further till the rain had ceased and the storm had somewhat abated its fury. An hour after, the storm ceased, and the moon shone out between the driving clouds.

Beneath him, at the side of the promontory, a small rocky haven up which the waves still careered madly, stretched inward, and here a sight met Neville's eyes that made his heart bound with uncertain hopes. It was a large boat like one of those belonging to a man-of-war, moored at the shaly side of a projecting rock at the upper extremity of the little haven.

"Surely," said he to himself, "that boat must belong to some ship which I know cannot be far away."

He now swept the horizon sharply with his eye, and at last discovered a solitary mast-head dipping under the far-off waves, and rising over them alternately. As he turned his gaze inland once more, his eyes rested on a huge black mass, which at first he took to be a detached rock, but which, on closer inspection, he dis-

covered was the ruin of a large building. It was situated upon a barren knoll, scarcely half a furlong inside the rock beneath which the boat was moored. Nothing could be wilder, more forbidding, or more desolate than the appearance of this ancient structure, as it loomed up from its bare and solitary knoll in the ghastly moonlight. Fit appendage to such an object; a mighty tree stood at its front on the very verge of the slope, throwing its gnarled and sapless branches abroad over what was once the courtyard, without a single leaf or green spray to shelter them from the biting winds, and looking as if it had been blasted and stricken dead by some sudden lightning stroke. In fact, the whole scene appeared as though a curse had fallen upon it in some by-gone age, and that it had remained ever since deserted by bird and beast and man.

But Neville knew that by man at least it was still often tenanted, for he remembered strange stories told in connection with it, of smugglers and pirates who had made its vaults the hiding-places for their ill-gotten treasures.

"And," muttered he to himself, as he stood up, and began descending the side of the promontory, "there must be some one there to-night. No matter who or what they may be, I must at all events seek their company, and take shelter with them at least till morning."

After getting round the little haven, he at last stood upon the edge of the rock looking down upon the boat. It was a large and strong one, with six oars at each side. On examining it, he became more firmly convinced than ever, that it belonged to some large ship, most likely that whose mast he had seen dipping in the offing. He now turned up towards the ruined castle, and as he did so, loosened his sword in its scabbard, for he guessed rightly that he was about to come in contact with men if possible more desperate than himself.

Neville still stood irresolute, but at last intruded his head beyond the edge of the door, and looked in. At the upper end of a huge-vaulted chamber, before a blazing fire of wood, which burned beneath an arched fire-place, sat about a dozen men around a rude board which seemed formed from the planks of wrecked ships, and which was supported on four large blocks of stone that served the purpose of legs. These men seemed of different nations. One was clad in the dress and wore the broad sombrero of a Spaniard; another squat and burly figure was habited in the ample trousers and hose and short wide jacket of a Dutchman; another swarthy fellow sat luxuriously back with ahug e bowl of Scheidam in his hand, and dressed in the picturesque habiliments of a Portuguese; a fourth, by his dress appeared to be an Englishman, and so on to the end, not a man of the whole crew appearing to belong to the same nation with one of his fellows. Swords, guns, pistols, and boarding pikes lay in wild confusion around them on the black oaken floor, or rested against the equally black walls, reflecting the gleams of the red fire, as it blazed and crackled beneath its capacious chimney-arch.

The countenances of these men were mostly fierce and

warlike, but Neville marked one scarred face amongst them, which by its expression, indicated a character of unusual energy and ferocity. It belonged to a middle-aged man, of low stature, but herculean bulk, who sat at the head of the board near the fire, and who seemed, by the authoritative manner in which he delivered himself, when he spoke, to be the commander of the motley gang of desperadoes. From one side of his belt hung a large, heavy cutlass and a dagger, the other side being ornamented with two long-barrelled pistols, which showed by their brightness the nice and continual care bestowed upon them by their owner. As this burly personage was now in the act of raising a cup of hollands to his lips, his eyes, after a seeming observation of the vaulted roof above, at last wandered towards the door, and met those of Bernard Neville, who was at the moment regarding him intently. Neville, the instant he caught the look of the other, stepped boldly into the apartment. A yell of surprise and anger greeted his entrance, as the eyes of the whole gang now marked his uniform. All started to their feet, thinking that a detachment of the intruder's comrades were about to follow, and three of them who sat farthest from the fire immediately rushed over, and began barricading the ancient and ponderous door. At the same time a number of pistols were presented at Neville's person, under which, however, he stood unflinchingly, gazing back calmly at the crew, as they regarded him over the iron tubes with knit brows and flashing eyes.

"Stop!" exclaimed Neville, "You do not mean to shoot me for claiming your hospitality!"

"Where are your comrades?" thundered the burly leader, with his pistol still pointed at Neville's head.

"I have no comrades," answered the latter. "I'm alone, and a desperate man like yourselves. Will you give me shelter for the night?"

The pistols were now lowered.

"Look at me," resumed Neville. "I am after doing a deed whose guerdon is certain death—I am an outlaw. Think you, if I came to attack you in this place, that I would thus enter the room alone and unarmed? You see I have nothing but my sword—a poor defence against your ready pistols."

"Aye! aye!" said one of them. "That may be all very good, but, comrades, if you take Jack Bolton's judgment on the matter, you will regard this man as a spy!"

"Vera goot!" put in the Dutchman. "Himmel! but when old Myneher van Schulkenwold commanded us on the Spanish Main, the same thing happened. Listen, and I will tell you the story. Der teufel, but I vill!"—

"Shut that tough jaw of yours!" interrupted the commander from the head of the board, at the same moment raising his pistol again, the whole fierce crew following his example. "This is no time for yarns, Dirk Slagendyke, when a company of soldiers may for all we know, be surrounding the old castle outside. Give a better account of yourself, sir," continued he,

turning to Neville, "or, by the blood of my body, you will have a dozen bullets through your head in another instant!"

"I can give none better," answered Neville. "Send one of your men down to the porch, and if he find a single soldier following me, then use your weapons as you threaten. I tell you that I come merely to claim shelter from you for the night, and your protection, perchance, in the morning, for I have now more enemies than yourselves, if you are what I take you to be!"

This seemed a fair proposition to the leader.

"Dirk Slagendyke," said he, turning his fierce eye on the Dutchman, "away with you and Jack Bolton down to the porch, and out upon the slope. Look sharply around you, and if you see a single land-shark, then you may send our untimely visitor to Davy's locker as soon as you wish!"

After about five minutes, the pair returned with a favourable report for Neville.

"Now," said the commander, throwing himself once more upon his seat, and pointing to a rude bench near the fire, "plant yourself upon that Mr. Stranger. Tell us why you have come to these moorings, and if you want it, you may have no reason to complain of the aid that a roving buccaneer and his men can give you."

Neville, without more ado, sat himself upon the bench, and the heat of the fire, aided by a rousing stoup of fiery hollands tendered to him by the commander, soon succeeded in restoring the bodily warmth he was so much in need of. He then explained, as far as he thought prudent, the reason of his untimely visit, and ended by requesting his entertainer to give him a passage across the sea to some foreign shore.

"That we will, my lad," said the commander, his sympathy excited by the knowledge of the daring deed Neville was after doing. "But the land is no place for a gallant youth like you. I warrant me, once you set your foot on the deck of the Flying Hawk, by which I mean our ship, whose mast you may have seen in the offing as you came along, that you will be tempted to become a rover of the Main, like ourselves. However, let that stand by. We have enough to attend to ere we leave this, without recruiting for the Flying Hawk."

"What brought you to these shores?" asked Neville, after refreshing himself with another cup of hollands.

The brows of his auditors contracted darkly at this question, and some of them regarded Neville once more with looks of renewed suspicion.

"If you consent on the spot to become one of ourselves—in other words, a stout buccaneer, I may answer your question," said the commander. "Otherwise, I may not, and will not inform you."

Neville paused, his lowering brows becoming darker as the moments wore on without his giving a reply. It was a terrible life to run. He knew, however, that he had nothing better to hope for now, and thus made up his mind with little further delay.

"Yes!" he said, vainly endeavouring to repress a sigh over his fate, "my career seems run on shore at

last. Take me as you will on board the Flying Hawk, and whenever you have the doing of a bold deed, place me in front, and I think you will find me doing the part of a man with the best of you; henceforward such a life seems to be my destiny!"

A murmur of approval from his auditors echoed round the vaulted apartment.

"Well," resumed the commander, "in that case I will tell what brought us here. Fifteen year ago, the commander of the Flying Hawk was Captain Bernardo, the boldest and bravest buccaneer leader that ever sailed the seas!"

"Von Schulkenwold," interrupted the Dutchman, "Donner wetter! but he was as goot a man, vich I vill maintain against de best foremost man on board, vit sword, pistol or dagger. Himmel, but I vill!" and his huge clenched fist went down upon the rude board with a resounding thump.

"Silence!" said the commander with a grim smile. "Von Schulkenwold was never as good a man as Captain Bernardo."

Bernard Neville started, as the thought struck him, that one day or other, he might become a buccaneer captain of the same name.

"Never half as good," resumed the commander, "Well, sir, about that time our Captain died, and I was elected by our brave crew to fill his place. Before his death he bade me sail to Barbadoes and marry his daughter, who lived there in a certain village by the coast with her mother, a Creole; and, he also told me, that I would find in their possession a little iron coffer, which I was not to open till I visited this old castle on the Irish shore, in which he and his crew, after being halt wrecked by a storm, lived for nearly a month, and to which he brought those strange figures you must have seen on the stairs, from beyond the seas. I obeyed his dying command, and found everything as he told me. But as to sailing over to Ireland at that time, it was out of the question. Business was then too good on the Spanish Main. So, year by year I neglected it, during which, many a brave man's blood has dyed the planks of the Flying Hawk. At last I sailed over as you see, and found the castle according to the points and bearings he had given for its discovery. We opened the coffer in this hall to-night, and found therein a bit of parchment, but may the fiend seize me, if one of us could read a word of the outlandish gibberish that was written on it. And so you see we have had our cruise for nothing; but no matter, we will make it a dear one to the fat merchantmen on our return!"

"Perhaps," said Jack Bolton, "our new comrade can read it."

"True," said the commander. "Bring over the coffer."

The little iron box was now brought and placed in Bernard Neville's hands. He opened it and took out the parchment.

"Why," said he, after casting his eyes curiously over it, "this is Latin!"

"Latin!" exclaimed the commander. "Well, that settles my opinion, at all events. When I looked over it, I said it was written in the New Zealand lingo, or something of the kind. Pierre Aubanelle over there, said it was old French, but then Don Pedro," and he nodded to a tall, grave-looking man at the other side of the table—"Pedro claimed it for Spanish, and between them both they went near settling the question with their hangers, till we pacified them before you came in. Can you read it?"

"My God! what is this?" exclaimed their new comrade, heedless of the question, and at the same time starting up and laying the parchment on the table. "Did none of you see this?" and he pointed his finger to the name 'Bernard Neville,' written in a bold hand at the end of the document. "This is also my name."

"It is strange;" said the commander, "but as we couldn't make out the first few lines, we did not mind the end."

"Was Captain Bernardo a Spaniard?" asked Neville, a strange suspicion crossing his mind.

"I have reason to think he was not," answered the commander, "although he spoke the Spanish language fluently, and adopted the dress of that nation. He had been in his early days in the Spanish navy, but was outlawed by that government in consequence of a mutiny in which he was one of the ringleaders!"

"That man must have been my uncle!" said Neville. "Everything happened to him as you say, but then his friends thought that he was shot after the mutiny, which took place, if I recollect rightly, on the coast of San Domingo!"

"It is true!" said the commander. "And now, lads, that we are about to have some of the blood of our old captain on the decks of the Flying Hawk once more, let us welcome the brave heart that brings it!" and with that he raised a hoarse shout of welcome, which was responded to by the whole wild gang, till the vaulted chambers of the old ruin rang again and again with the wild clamor.

"But now for the reading of the parchment," said the commander, after he and his companions had shaken hands with Neville all round. "Can you do it?"

"I think I can," answered Neville, as he sat down and began to peruse it carefully.

The gang watched him eagerly as he went through it, and their impatience and curiosity were not a little heightened on observing Neville start several times with an exclamation of astonishment as he read on.

"What is it?" said the pirate eagerly, as he saw that Neville had come to the end.

"It is a wonderful thing," answered the latter. "It is an account of the first booty taken by the crew of the Flying Hawk at the sacking of Alpujarra, a Spanish settlement on the coast of Brazil!"

"Aye, aye!" said the commander, "I was there, and a bloody day it was. But let that stand by. Where is the booty? I thought it was long ago at the bottom of the sea—the iron box that held it and all."

"It is here in this castle!" said Neville, "at least

if we are to believe what is written on the parchment by my unfortunate uncle."

The eyes of the wild crew sparkled at this bit of welcome news.

"Believe his written word!" almost roared the fierce commander. "Why, man, if all the world gathered together and took their oaths to the contrary, I'd believe him in preference. Young man, whatever your uncle might have been, he was never known to break his word, no matter for what he pledged it. What else does he say?"

"He says," answered Neville, "that when you have found the booty, you must bring a few casks of powder from the ship and blow up the castle. He says also that the booty must be fairly divided amongst the crew of the Flying Hawk according to each man's degree."

"Good!" said the commander. "Now read the directions he gives for finding it."

Neville read the passage in English:—

"When you stand at the stair foot, and look upon the unholy figure that the Spanish sculptor carved during his madness, mark the spot in the wall above at which the demon's spear points. In that spot you will find the booty of Alpujarra."

"Throw some fresh brands upon the fire," said the commander. "We must make them serve as torches to light the spot our old captain speaks of."

It was done, and in a few moments the whole throng were standing under the massive porch beneath, facing the staircase. It was a wild scene. The burning brands held aloft, casting their red and fitful light upon the rude walls around, and upon the stern faces of the wild gang of desperadoes, who now peered upward with eager scrutiny to the point indicated by the huge spear, while at the same time the terrible colossal figure seemed to gaze down upon them in return, with a cold stony smile of demoniac satisfaction at their greed.

"This will never do," said their commander. "There is the spot near the landing above, but we cannot pick the wall till we get some implements from the ship. Come, Jack Bolton, off with you with nine men to the Flying Hawk, and bring back the necessary things, together with a mining fuse and two barrels of powder. You should be here at least by sunrise."

Jack dashed his brand on the floor, and then, calling off nine of his comrades, led the way down to the boar, which was soon dancing over the still rough water. The remainder, with Neville, returned to the chamber above, and waited by the fire till morning, at which time Jack Bolton and his comrades returned with the several things ordered by his commander. They picked the wall at the spot which was so remarkably and strangely pointed out, and there found a huge iron coffer, in which, on breaking it open, they found what they sought, the booty taken at the cruel sack of Alpujarra. It consisted of a huge heap of Spanish coin in gold and silver, with several valuable stones and ornaments, all of which, before the sun of that day set, was divided according to the dying instructions of their old commander, on board the Flying Hawk. They placed the barrels of powder

in one of the vaults of the old castle, and attached to them a mine fuse, which they carried down the slope to the shore. On gaining their boat they applied a match to the fuse, and in a few moments the grim and ancient structure was blown in fragments into the air with a roar that was heard for many a mile along the barren coast and desolate moorlands. The inhabitants of a far-off fishing village came over during the day to see the cause of the explosion, and their horror may be well conceived when they saw the black figure still standing uninjured amid the ruins. They dragged it from its foundation with a strong rope, and then cast it into the sea, where it was lost for ever.

Bernard Neville's career was a short one. He crossed the seas, but about a twelvemonth afterwards fell on board the Flying Hawk, in an action fought somewhere on the Spanish Main.

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY FRANCES CROSBY.

A merry Christmas I wish you all!

For dear Father Christmas is coming fast, and will be in the midst of us before we know what we are about. And may he fill the place of honour by our firesides for years and years to come!

Yes, Christmas is coming fast. I will venture to affirm that not one boy or girl away at school would fail to tell us the exact number of days to intervene between this and the *Christmas Holidays*—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! What makes the girls so wonderfully industrious and stay-at-home these times I wonder? What do all these whispers betoken? And when papa or the boys come into the room unexpectedly, why is there such a fussing, and rustling, and bustling, and slapping of work-box lids, and flushing of cheeks? Eh, girls? Well, we shall see on Christmas morning, not till then. Bless your hearts, my dears, there is no fear that I shall betray you! What makes papa so fond of spying into shop-windows as he goes along, stopping now and again as his eye falls on some pretty or useful object, smiling pleasantly to himself the while? Hah! *that*, too, we shall know on Christmas morning, papa. But above all, what do mamma and Betty discuss during those lengthened and frequent consultations, eh, mamma? O dear me! It's really too bad to betray mamma, and nobody else; but for the life of me I can't help saying, in strict confidence, you know!—that the last time I came on Mamma and Betty in council, I heard something very like "the *spiced round*," and "the *mince-meat*, ma'am;" from Betty's lips. It certainly sounded remarkably like it!

Now, I want to make myself welcome amongst you, so I think I shall tell you a story—a true story, a real Christmas story—and one that happened no farther back than last Christmas. That makes it more interesting, doesn't it? Even chubby little Polly there can remember last Christmas. Well, come now, every one of you, and draw round the fire while you listen. I love to feel cosy, and to see others so. Are you all

ready now? Henry, my dear, be so good as to make a blaze for us; that is a fine fellow! I like, of all things, to see the bright fire light flickering and dancing, and playing at hide and seek in the bright eyes, and glistening hair, and pleasant faces turned towards me. And now for our story.

I spent last Christmas in England, at the house of Irish friends settled there. Every year since her marriage, my dear, warm-hearted friend, Mrs. Blackmore, had asked me to Christmas with her. So at last, I packed up my best bib and tucker, and set off for London, where Mr. Blackmore met me, and carried me down to his house at Richmond. Here I arrived safe and sound, but very blue in the face, and red about the nose, just two days before Christmas.

"There's Letty looking out for us," said Mr. Blackmore, as we drove up to the house. Sure enough, there was his wife's rosy face at one of the windows, with her pretty little nose flattened comically against the frosty pane. But that was only just while you might count five; and then the rosy face vanished, to reappear next moment at the hall-door, whence its owner made a sudden sally into the carriage, to welcome me in her usual style. I wondered my frosty nose and frozen face didn't moderate her ardour. But not at all; she rather seemed to like them than otherwise.

"Welcome to England, you dear, dear, dear old friend!" And between every "dear," she gave me a kiss, and after "friend," she went at it wholesale.

"Come, cricket!" said her husband, who had got out on the other side of the carriage, and was looking on, highly amused by his wife's mode of welcome, "hadn't you better take Miss Crosby in, and make her comfortable there? She is almost frozen, after her journey."

"With twenty half-laughing self-accusations, the impulsive hostess pulled me out of the carriage, up the hall-door-steps, across the hall, up the stairs, along a corridor; and deposited me, gasping and laughing, by the blazing fire in my own dressing-room. Next she pulled off my frosty wrappings, saw me supplied with some delicious hot soup; and finally, sat down opposite for a chat."

"I thought we should *never* get you over!" said she, setting her head sideways, and viewing me with affectionate satisfaction. "Hugh said that nobody but myself would dream of anything so unreasonable as to ask you to come so far to spend Christmas. But you see we have you after all, and I am so glad you came!"

"So am I, Letty, if it were only to see you so well and happy, and light-hearted. My dear, I have not wished you a merry Christmas yet, have I?"

"Nor I you; I declare I was so glad to see you, that I forgot it. A merry Christmas, dear old lady, and many of them; and a merry Christmas you shall spend, please God, and one after your own heart. Yes, yes; your talents must not lie dormant, you must help me in something."

"What may the something be, Letty?"

"A something quite in your line, most skilful match-maker! Yes, we want to make up a match."

"Hah! that is something Letty," and I rubbed my hands, and drew my chair nearer to hers. "Yes; I look on match-making as a part of woman's mission on this earth, when properly conducted, *bien-entendu*."

"And Mr. Thackeray says that every woman worth a pin is a match-maker at heart. Hugh and I laughed when he was reading out for me one evening, and we came to that we thought of you, you know. Hugh says you have made me as great a practitioner as yourself, and Hugh is seldom wrong in what he says. I am sure neither he nor I have cause to regret your tendency in that way. Well, well; I do my best to follow in your footsteps, but, somehow, I don't get on as I should wish. Now, in particular, my Minerva must aid me."

"Then let me hear all about it, Letty?"

Letty laughed, and prudently deprived me of the poker, with which, in my professional energy, I was smashing some lumps of coal, and with every blow, mentally demolishing an obstacle.

"I must disappoint you awhile," she said, shaking her head. "I want you to make the acquaintance of the parties first. To-night I will tell you."

"Then they are here?"

"Not at this moment—but they have come to Christmas with us—both of them. Is that a good stroke?"

"Capital! But couldn't you tell me *now*, Letty?"

"No, no, no, Miss Crosby; I want to see if you will find it out for yourself—as I have no doubt you will."

"Well—I suppose—I must wait," I said with rather a bad grace, I must confess. "What visitors have you here, Letty?"

"Not many. There are Mrs. Westrop, and her devoted admirer Sir Henry Coson; Mr. Forsyth, the artist, whom you met here before, and his sister Lucy; Mr. Winslow the traveller, whom you also know; Hugh's sworn friend, Mr. Ruth the barrister;—and—a pet of yours—the lion, or rather the lioness of my party. You know this, I think?" and she held up a volume of poems which lay on the table, by one of our most gifted modern writers.

"Dear me! do you really mean to say that Alice Clisson is here—in this house?"

"Not this moment, Madam, for all my guests have gone out on a walking party. But she is here, yes. She is an admirable woman, but of that you must judge for yourself. No questions now, you must use your own dear old eyes; I'm sure they are sharp enough. Now if you are thawed, will you come and pay a visit to the nursery? You have to renew your acquaintance with your godson, and to be presented to baby. She will be awake now, so you can see her lovely eyes. Both children have Hugh's eyes;—so dear, and gentle, and serious."

"Goodness me! I remember when a certain young damsel was wont to stigmatise Mr. Blackmore's eyes as sharp, disagreeable, ugly grey eyes!"

"So do I!" laughed Letty; "but I can tell you she has changed her mind, or rather, she never in her heart thought them otherwise than beautiful."

* * * * *

"I need hardly ask how you like my poetess;" said Mrs. Blackmore that night; "but I want to know if your magic rod has pointed out the couple in whose welfare I feel so lively an interest?"

"My dear, I felt it point towards the poetess herself, as also towards Mr. Blackmore's learned brother-at-law."

"Mr. Ruth? well it pointed rightly then. I guessed you would soon find out for yourself. Well, while we toast our toes and brush our hair, let me state the case to you clearly. Mr. Ruth, you must know, was some time ago the reputed suitor of Alice Clisson, and she, as far as anyone can judge of such a superior, undemonstrative woman, did not dislike the attentions of her learned lover. Hugh and I used to say they were made for each other; they used to talk together by the hour of books, and pictures, and metaphysics, and botany, and poetry, and music, and, in fact, everything refined and interesting to two such minds. Miss Clisson was one of the managing committee of the society for the employment of women, and Mr. Ruth used to become quite Demosthenic when he spoke on that subject. In fact, my dear, they are made for each other, that's all about it; but who ever did or ever will hear of the course of true love flowing on untroubled? But, of all persons in the world, Hugh it was who raised the winds that ruffled it. It unluckily came into his head one day, though I'm sure the wonder is that no one thought of doing so before, to congratulate his friend on his fortunate wooing and prospective happiness. Would you believe it? Until that blessed moment this innocent Mr. Ruth—but those learned men are often *such* babies!—had never dreamt that anyone could remark his attentions to Miss Clisson, or construe them into anything but respectful friendship, sincere admiration for talents, veneration for character and sterling worth, and so forth. Sensible, wasn't it? Hugh says he turned as white as a sheet, and trembled all over, when he put the thing to him in its proper light, and then went on in the most ridiculous way about his remorse, and tortured feelings, and trying position. Did you ever hear of such an affair?"

"My dear, I must know more of it before I can answer you. Did he not really care for Miss Clisson, then?"

"Care! why, he adored her, and does to this day—that's the strangest part of my story. He is a very nervous man, as you may have noticed, and he was so nervous and excited at the time of which I speak, that he was unable to keep his own counsel, inasmuch as his love for Alice Clisson was concerned. But he assured Hugh that there were insuperable obstacles to such presumption on his part. That Alice Clisson could never marry him—never! And that he could never have the courage to ask her. No, no, no! And if Hugh ever cared for him he would spare him the pain of further allusion to the subject. So, my good man being completely mystified and bewildered by all this mystery, gave him the required promise. And since

then, Mr. Ruth's avoidance of Alice is as marked as his former attentions."

"Then, that explains the stateliness of her manner to him. I saw there was something strained in it. But of course, any woman would resent such a flagrant desertion. It is an extraordinary story, and I must have time to think over it before I can see my way at all through such a labyrinth."

"Then, pull your considering cap down over your brow, and sleep in it. I give you up to this time on Christmas Eve to mature your wise plans; so, make the most of your opportunities."

"Letty!" I called after her, as she was leaving me. She returned.

"My dear, I have been thinking—this Mr. Ruth can't be married already, can he?"

"The very idea that struck me—but a silly one it seems. Hugh and he have been like brothers since they were boys of fifteen, and unless he took on himself the cares of matrimony before that age, he couldn't possibly take such a step without Hugh's knowledge. So you must suggest something more probable next time. Remember; I give you until this time on Christmas Eve!"

Of all the guests assembled under Mrs. Blackmore's hospitable roof, I shall only introduce you to two—the two in whom the hostess felt so lively an interest.

Alice Clisson, the successful poetess, was the realization of my ideal of a woman of intellect. In age about twenty-eight, she was tall, and rather largely moulded, but with a grace and ease of carriage that precluded all idea of heaviness. Her face was thoughtful; her features irregular, but pleasing; her eyes clear, grave, and penetrating; her head, with its coils of dark hair, classically beautiful in outline. She was an admirable woman—well-ordered and intellectual.

Mr. Ruth was a tall, slenderly-formed man, of thirty or thereabouts, with a noble head and delicate clearly cut features. His forehead was shaded with thin, shadowing-looking hair; his large eyes flashed and burned with the fire of genius; and, spite of the nervousness—at times painful—of his manner, there was an irresistible sweetness and winning grace about him, that made him an almost universal favourite.

Mr. Ruth had been very silent and thoughtful days past, but on Christmas-eve, when we all sat round the fire, the spirit of Christmas seemed to have breathed upon him, and he was as cheerful as any of the circle. He it was who proposed that we should put out the lights, keep the fire blazing, and spend our Christmas-eve telling stories. This was favourably received. We drew lots, and the first fell on Alice Clisson, who, with her usual quiet ease and grace, proceeded to recount to us an adventure that had befallen her at the house of a friend some years previous. (No, Henry; you need not draw up your chair so expectantly. I have no time just now to retail for you Miss Clisson's adventure. No, nor Mrs. Westrop's thrilling ghost story, nor Mr. Blackmore's curious professional anecdote, nor my true

Irish fairy tale, nor, in a word, any of the stories then and there narrated save that told by the person on whom the last lot fell, who was no other than our friend, Mr. Ruth.)

Mr. Ruth was sitting with his head resting on his hand, and for some moments after he was called on for his story, he retained his position without speaking. Suddenly recollecting himself, he started, raised his head, and began in the following words:—

"What I am going to tell you can hardly be called a story. It is merely a curious incident, which occurred within my own knowledge, and which is, I think, a singular one."

"Two days after the Christmas of twenty years ago, a master-sweep, with his two wretched half-starved apprentices, were summoned to exercise their calling at the country-house of a rich old lady, situated in one of the southern counties of Ireland. It was an old-fashioned place, with a multitude of chimneys; and evening was falling when the youngest of the children,—a boy of ten, a wretched child, all skin and bone—clambered up the last chimney, and though almost fainting after his hard day's work, prepared to clean it down."

Here, half-way up, on a ledge that ran to one side, and almost imbedded in soot, the boy laid his hand on some unusual object. He lifted it curiously; it was a coarse but very heavy bag, and when he shook it something clinked within with a mellow, ringing sound. Full of childish eagerness and curiosity, the finder mounted up to the light, and with trembling fingers proceeded to examine the contents of the bag. Running in his sooty little hand, he brought it out filled with yellow pieces,—gold pieces,—which glanced and shone in the beams of the wintry sun. The boy, half stupified, sat there, with his treasure in his hand, dreaming and wondering, until his master's rough voice from below, roused him, by demanding what he was about?

There was little time for thought; but the lessons of the dead mother seemed to ring in his childish ears, and he resolved, cost what it might, to give the prize into the owner's hands. If he could only conceal it from his brutal, depraved master! Tremblingly, he placed the bag inside his ragged shirt, and finishing his task, slipped down to where his master and comrade stood.

"I dare say the child's face betrayed his anxiety and apprehension, for the ruffian looked sharply at him, and his eye fell at once on the clumsily-concealed object beneath the ragged shirt. With an oath he sprang at the trembling little creature, to see what this object was. But the boy, with new-found courage, resisted with all his feeble strength, and screamed and called for help, and the servants rushed in time to rescue him from the clutch of the ruffian, still grasping the treasure. Sobbing and trembling, the boy clung to them, and implored them to bring him to the lady of the house. Eager and curious to discover the cause of his strange behaviour, they did so."

"The child was led into the presence of the lady,

and to her he told his story and delivered his precious bag. In it she found, wrapped in an old newspaper, three hundred sovereigns, and the old newspaper gave them a clue to the reading of the mystery. It contained an account of a burglary committed in this very house fifteen years previous, and of rewards offered for the apprehension of the robbers, who were known to be three in number. But these had never been traced, and the affair was well nigh forgotten, when this unprecedented occurrence again brought the particulars before people's minds. The plate and valuables stolen had been estimated at nine hundred pounds, and as there had been three robbers, there was little doubt but that this was one man's share of the plunder. How it had been placed in the chimney no one could tell, but it had certainly been placed there within the last year, as only that period had elapsed since the chimneys had been swept down last."

Here Mr. Ruth ceased as abruptly as he had begun, and we all broke out into exclamations of wonder and interest. Almost with one accord we inquired as to the subsequent fate of the brave little hero of the story.

"My friends, that is speedily told. He was released from his slavery by the kind and grateful old lady, who adopted him, and gave him the profession of his choice. Since then things have gone well with him; he has prospered in his worldly career; and but for a weak and morbid remembrance of the inferiority of his birth, and a foolish dread of its becoming known to others, would have been as happy as any of his fellows. But now, at this holy season, which brings to us all such lessons of humility and of charity, he has resolved to live no longer with this dread, cast from him this unworthy weakness! Yes, my friends; the story you have heard is a true one, and in me you see the man to whom the boy of whom I have told you was the father; I was that poor boy!"

Mr. Ruth fronted us now, and as he went on, his manner lost all its usual nervousness; he seemed to tower above us, and we all felt it, and looked up to him. We know what it must have cost him to make this avowal, but we honoured him the more for making it. We crowded round him, we pressed his hand, we bade God bless him. And this was the gulf that had divided him from Alice Clisson, eh? Well, well, how little the best men understand us! As to Alice Clisson, now, I am certain I saw tears in her eyes, and her face looked perfectly radiant by the firelight. I think it encouraged Mr. Ruth wonderfully, for he walked over to her, and quietly took possession of the seat beside her. I sat near, and once, during a pause in the conversation, I heard Mr. Ruth say—

"And so my Alice thinks no worse of me after all?"

I did not hear the reply, but judging for the gentleman's face, I am inclined to think it was satisfactory.

So Christmas Eve was come, and no need, you see, for my services as match-maker. And I trust you will all spend as pleasant a Christmas as we did at Mrs. Blackmore's last year.

THE LAST VIGIL.

BY ERIONNACH.

I.

SOFTLY, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
O, 'mid the dim still chamber,
Faint breaths that come and go,
Are ye dreamy sighs for an aching want,
Or for life, or for death being slow?
O, pale thin hand out-lying,
Dost thou seek for a touch not near,
Or faint with a silent despairing,
Or thrill with a yearning fear?

II.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
The fire has long in ashes
Shrank, crumbling through the bars,
And long the clouds have gathered
And blackened the brightest stars,
But the taper that burned so bravely
Has a paler and wannish glare
And all round the east horizon
The dark thins into blue air.

III.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Afar, beyond the horizon
Rides one with bitterest speed,
And more than one life shall tend death-ward
If he see thee not in thy need.
O lightest of all light sleepers!
I dare not to stir lest thou wake,
And with sudden turn of the brow, behold
Him not—and thy heart should break.

IV.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning;
And sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.

Alas, that I hold thy living
And death, within my hand!
Alas, that not I, I only,
But a sound has thy heart in command!
O sleep! tho' the loneliness crush me,
And terrors rush in on my soul.
O slumber!—O shield, sweet angels!
His life from the wakening dole.

v.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye, waken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Harsh laughter from revellers passing,
O too loud! wither and die—
A sudden turn of the brow—a glance,
One glance—and a low, low sigh.
O fearful chamber of silence!
O stillness audibly great!
O hurrying feet at the doorway
Ye come, ye have come, too late!

LOVE AND REVENGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER. I.

"WELCOME you are, Master 'Zekiel Black, to everything the house affords. 'Tis not I that will renounce the fine old custom of open door and welcoming lintel to the stranger, but"—

"If you've had wild Injun ways, Mr. O'Brien," retorted 'Zekiel in a harsh voice, (he seemed to feel that praise of hospitality was a reflection on himself,) if you or your forbears had wild Injun ways, the sooner you get over them the better, and the less they're spoken about the better."

"Everything ours is sweet, and everything theirs is sour," answered O'Brien, sententiously, "but, at least, we let our friends say their say, and spoke when they were done. I was going to say, then, that I look upon you as a well-to-do man; your fathers were so before you, and what came from them has not lessened with yourself. You have kept the place well, and though an old and a good name held it, and maybe, if everything happened right, should have held it, all that's a long time ago, in the times of wars and trouble. You have increased much in riches, I know, and I know, too, and I tell you plainly to your face—for no man can accuse Michael O'Brien of being afraid of saying to one's face what he'd say behind his back—I know then, that the open door and ready board have not been your ways. No matter; every people to their customs, and I won't blame you. But this I tell you, Master Black, that I think my daughter is too young to marry yet. And

what's more, I think it quite time for you to make haste if you intend it at all."

"Never said a truer thing in your life, and all you need do besides, is to whisper a word to your daughter Eileen, and I know she'll be obedient to you. I'm sure she wouldn't vex her old father, and that one word from you would be enough. That's all I've to say; she's not too young, you know yourself. Last Christmas she danced at the ungodly merriment made when her cousin got married; and they were both of an age."

"Ay, sure enough, but maybe she was too young. However, I would not do what you want me. I will not say a word that would force my poor Eily to act against her will, for the king upon his throne. And I think she entertains her own opinions about the subject."

"You will not?"

"I will not."

'Zekiel Black's sallow face got rigid with suppressed passion. A dark expression fell upon it, and from under his heavy eyebrows shot a vicious look. The two men were seated before a blazing fire in O'Brien's spacious kitchen, the principal apartment in most farm-houses of times past. Behind the old farmer's chair, to the right of the jutting hearth-jamb, and in the shadow of one of them, was the door opening into his daughter's apartment; on the other side lay his own, and a ladder sloping across led to the loft, tenanted at night by the house servants. Behind the chair of Ezekiel Black, against the northern gable, the "dresser" stood, resplendent with rows of polished pewter plates and drinking vessels.

Few faces could be more different than those of the two sole inhabitants of this kitchen. O'Brien had evidently been a man of massive strength; his face and blue eyes bore a kind, open expression; the white locks that fell upon his shoulders told that his youth had gone; but there was great strength of will in that broad brow and strongly-marked underface. Ezekiel Black, or Black Zeky, as he was popularly called, was rather a long-faced and broad-headed individual. His forehead was low, his complexion dark, his eye lustreless. The expression stamped upon his fleecid visage was that of a man's who slowly cogitated his way. An idea a little out of the common, when uttered in his presence, met with no responsive, electric sympathy, no intuitive welcome. It was either a puzzle which he succeeded in nearly unravelling after a time, to his great self-satisfaction, or he gave it up as signifying nothing in particular. As the deaf and dumb are often found to be very suspicious of others, so 'Zekiel Black, dulled in his perceptive sense, unwittingly allowed the distrustfulness of his nature to shine through the quick, dullish looks, cast sidelong.

After revolving the answer he had received in his mind for about half a minute, and during that time his disappointed interest and wounded pride had raised a bitter, unbearable rage in his heart, he stood up suddenly.

"Farmer Breen," he said, threateningly, "my forbears have all been steadfast and true to the kings, and

my word would go far, for or against, in favour or not, with respect to people who may be all very peaceable seeming and loyal—”

O'Brien started to his feet passionately. “The house you're in, 'Zekiel Black,” said he, “is mine, and, by my father's hand, 'tis well for you that 'tis here you utter them words and look that look. By the sun of heaven, if it were elsewhere, you'd get an answer that would suit you better than weak words. You, the close, griping, hard-hearted bodagh, to come into any honest man's house to ask his daughter's hand, and abuse him if he don't get it! you, the Cromwellian son of Cromwellian fathers, how dare you to come into the house of an Irishman, and boast and threaten with your loyalty to the king. Loyalty, inagh! 'tis much of that ye showed, 'tis much of that ye felt, when Charles was marched to the gallows. Out of my house this instant you Cromwellian, an' never darken the door again. My daughter's engaged, and if she weren't, 'tis not you woul' be chosen. Shule out, I say.”

'Zekiel looked at him darkly and virulently a moment, and it seemed as if the thought was in his mind to oppose the farmer's angry expulsion, by force. But the wrathful expression of his countenance suddenly gave place to a more cool, but far more vindictive look, and, taking a stride to the door, he turned, with his hand on the latch, and answered in a passionless tone—

“You've mistaken my meaning, Farmer Breen, you've deceived yourself, in troih. What for should I come here to menace or threaten you or yours? It wasn't in my head; but sure all the world knows you're a hasty man, and sometimes you know, a hasty person may get the wrong end of the story. Your daughter's engaged, you say; well, that's enough for me, and if you had said it at first, I woul'dn't have spoken twice. But it's not for nothing a man takes a liking. However, I'll say no more about it. I never was put to the door before; but you're a hasty man, and I'll forgive you, Farmer Breen.”

There was little forgiveness in his eye or voice, but O'Brien's wrath went down as suddenly as it had arisen, and so made him overlook this, in his desire to atone.

“Well, now, Master Black, I've not acted like a Christian, and you have. I'm very sorry for my words; by my hand, I could not be sorrier, for I would not offend any man willingly. You see it's a long engagement between her and young Donat O'Brien—”

“Donat O'Brien! Ay, well, good night, Farmer Breen, I'll forgive you.”

O'Brien stepped forward to shake hands, but 'Zekiel, daring a baleful glance at him, pretended not to perceive his intention, and disappeared, closing the door mildly after him.

The old farmer bolted it, and, returning to the chair he had vacated, sat for awhile in meditation. Would he or would he not tell his daughter and wife of what that evening had happened? A shake of the head gave intimation that he had decided against the idea. What use, indeed, was there in troubling their minds about the matter at all, he thought. Besides, Michael

O'Brien had certain high notions touching the prerogatives of a husband. And if this matter were generally looked upon by the universal comity of women to pertain to them of right, and even if they, more than their male relatives, habitually occupied their minds, and seasoned their conversations with plans, hints, and hopes matrimonial—might not this be an usurpation? Michael O'Brien allowed no metaphysical subtleties to interfere with his decision. He was a hasty man, as his self-elected son-in-law had said, and in this matter he felt the “rights” of the question in a very short space. He laid vigorous hands on the tongs, lifting up a ruddy ember, and crushed upon it suddenly the dark head of a sagacious-looking *dhudeen*, (an expressive and altogether descriptive word for a short pipe, *bein culottée*, if we derive it from *dhú*, black, i.e. “the little black one.”) Michael took one or two “draws,” and finding it work well, was rejoiced internally, both on account of the solace it gave him, and of the unknown triumph which he had achieved over his good-natured spouse, on her own field. The turf embers flickered up elishly in glee at him, and he looked down pleasantly at their flying dances; till they reminded that he should rake them, and that he had got nearly enough of the western herb, for it grew late. The cricket's clear, quaint chirp passed from one side of the fire to the other, sounding through the wide old kitchen with an echo that seemed to stretch into the past, and unite the bygone with the present. But Michael O'Brien paid little heed to it, and the chirp grew stilled, as his tongs commenced to rattle over the hearth, arranging the fire for its night's repose.

Ah, Michael! Michael! why did you make so noisy a raking? For, when you did so, you aided in your own overthrow. That stealthy sound of feet—surely a hostile sound; you heard it not.

The flickerings went down, the kitchen was in darkness, and the cricket's resumed their cheerful, weariless chant. But on the next day Michael's self-restrained, and, it must be avowed, somewhat consequential air before his wife, went for nought. He felt somewhat piqued at what he considered her dullness, and let drop a mysterious word or two, intending to lead her into a sly trap. But Mrs. O'Brien was quite amiable and innocent of curiosity that day. None, thank goodness, could accuse *her* of wishing to pry into her husband's affairs. She had business enough to do, and a willing heart to do it. So Michael, finding himself foiled, resolved to let out the secret gradually to her that evening. Poor Michael! he had not the least idea that he, in this wrath, had spoken too loud, in answer to 'Zekiel Black the previous night; nor did it enter his frank old heart to imagine that a wife, moved by a double affection, would be irresistibly impelled to listen studiously when events occur which seem to threaten her dear ones in any way.

CHAPTER II.

A couple of months passed away—last train-bearers of old winter's ermine robes—and 'Zekiel Black seemed to have forgot en all about the unpleasant occurrence

narrated in the beginning of this story. Yet he was never seen again near the house of his hoped-for father-in-law, and rarely encountered him, except at fair or market, and then only by accident. Indeed, 'Zekiel, on such occasions, did not refuse a "trait," for he had made it a matter of principle throughout life to take as much as was offered, and to accept all he could get for nothing. Yet their meeting at the market was the rarer, because 'Zekiel had gone ahead a step, and had pretensions of proceeding to larger outlets. So, he was occasionally heard of as having been seen in Limerick, a good twenty miles off, and once or twice in queer company; but he was shrewd enough to take care of himself.

Whatever caused his absence, it must be said that spring-time came in to every heart, all the more pleasant, all the more sunny, and it seemed even more propitious for that absence. So, certainly, it appeared to Mrs. O'Brien.

One of those pleasant spring evenings, she sat beside the door on the stone bench, or "mounting stone," placed there for the service of rural equestrians, who were not much accustomed to vault into saddle after the old knightly manner, or whose vaulting days, like her brave old husband's, were over for ever.

Mrs. O'Brien was knitting a sock, whose white margin contrasted splendidly with the deep blue leg, in which she had expended all her powers to produce copious and symmetrical "rib-au'-furrows," and had succeeded quite to her satisfaction. Content was radiant on her face, under her white motherly cap, carefully Italian-ironed in the frill, and a smile played about the corners of her lips, although she was performing the difficult operation of "turning the heel." But it was a pleasant evening, and she had a right to be in good humour. She had turned no poverty-stricken creature away who did not leave her a blessing. Even "Grumbling Biddy" herself, who, after she had received her portion, went grumbling past her to the highway—even she, when she had gone out of sight round the turn of the road, appeared suddenly again; not, indeed, to give her thanks or a blessing, but for the satisfaction of wishing a thousand ills to any of her enemies, whether of air, earth, water, or fire. For, poor Biddy was foolish, and had condemnations readier to her tongue than blessings, like many of our philosophers.

The sycamore hummed a varying, mysterious, confidential hum and whi-per over Mrs. O'Brien's head and house, and a little red-breast bosom-friend came often down, with more than one comrade, to distract her attention from her knitting, by the rapidity with which they gathered up the crumbs she had considerably scattered, and to rouse the indignation of her favourite old tufted hen, who considered her rights infringed. The brook, a few yards from the door, went in glittering reds and yellows towards the sunset. Where it merged into a pool, rose the surprising gabble of ducks and geese, hidden from sight by a few bushes. The sun was near its setting, far out at sea; a faint glimmer of the waves, and the still fainter sound of their murmur on the shore, being all that she could perceive at that distance. From

the open door beside her came the voices of young girls, and the seldom-interrupted hum of the spinning-wheel. One was the voice of the "daughter of the house," a red-cheeked, black-haired, lively girl; the other was that of their merry, active servant; they were singing alternately the verses of an Irish song, which would run thus in English.

Eileen sings, questioning :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Who's the young maid will married on Easter there,
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb, and O love!"

Nora answering, sings :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Mary Ni Clery, I hear will be married there,
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb! and O love!"

Eileen, enquiringly :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Who's the young man upon whom fell this happy air?
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb and O love!"

Nora was about answering in the same sort of impromptu verse, easy enough in Irish, which is peculiarly apt in rhyme, and thus they would have proceeded to discuss, according to usage, the youth, his claims, and the trousseau; but she didn't answer the question. A thought struck her, and she slyly let her thread break :

"Sorra to it, for a fickle creatur," said she, in pretended anger; "it's as bad as any rovin spalpeen of a lover." However, she managed to right it soon, and the wheel whirled on again, but at a different rate. "There now," said she, "I can't set it right to that air; do, Miss Eileen, astore, go on wid the other," she added, with a great assumption of thinking of nothing but the spinning.

Eileen blushed faintly, but with a laugh to hide her half-confusion, commenced in the prescribed form :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Go by the river and bring me my lover."

Nora, exercising her ingenuity, contrives to tease her young mistress by promising ineligible individuals. She responds :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
'Tis Connor O'Hart I'll bring to you over."

Eileen, disdainfully :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
His face like the winter, his steps like the plover,
Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Go by the river, and bring me my lover."

Nora, mischievously :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
'Tis 'Zekiel Black I quickly discover."

Eileen, half-offended :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Black-named, and black-hearted, and black in my
favour,
Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
He may be yours, but look for my lover."

Nora, touched a little by the sarcasm, was about to introduce the name of Donat O'Brien for whom she

guessed her young mistress did entertain certain tender feelings, when the voice of Mrs. O'Brien was heard :

"Here comes the master, children; put aside the wheels, and Nora, call 'Leeam from the garden to put up the horse. O, you're there, are you, 'Leeam, listenin' to the singing, I'll be bound; run away out now, he's turning the corner. Nora you'll have to sing lower the next time, and not be drawin' the poor gomeril from his work—"

"Wisha, then, mistress," said Nora, in confusion; "sure an' he was workin' near the door, ma'am."

"Wisha, yourself, an' don't be vexin' me, but take up that pot of phatees from the fire, an' put down the kittle, 'till he do get his bowl o' punch after his dinner. You needn't be trying thim, I tell you; they're done enough; so is the meat; up with thim—that's right."

So Mrs. O'Brien settled the kitchen cheerfully, took down the plates from the "dresser," and arranged them on the white well-scoured table. Then she went back to the door, to give her husband the "*folta volla*"—welcome home—help him to take off his great, well-caped, outside riding-coat, and relieve him of one or two parcels he had brought from the town. Then Michael O'Brien felt comfortable and happy; and if he thought she would be the better of himself in the "room" to arrange the parcels, had he not a right to his idea? and if a sound, resembling a hearty smack came from the cupboard when it was opened, was that any cause why Nora should giggle, picking out a dish of the best potatoes? Even if it were not the creak of the cupboard, had he not a right to his idea then, also? But, Nora was "ever an' away," as poor tormented 'Leeam (or William) said, "full of her tricks and full of her fun."

Michael O'Brien completed his dinner, and turned half round to the blazing fire, his right arm resting on the table, and bearing sway over a gallant bowl of punch.

"Open, in the king's name!" cried a hoarse voice outside; and without waiting for an invitation, the party opened the door themselves, and a corporal's guard burst into the kitchen.

"Why, what's the maneing of this?" said the farmer, somewhat startled, rising to his feet.

"Halt!" cried the corporal. "Form in line, face, stand at-ease."

The yeomen attempted to perform such operations, and succeeded—miserably. The corporal stepped forward to the farmer.

"I am commissioned, in the first place," said he, "to drink your health. Here's to you," taking up O'Brien's punch and winking at his privates, who, of course, chuckled.

"Take it," said O'Brien, "an' welcome, an' what's more, there's as much for aich of the craitors there, if you like."

"No;" responded the corporal, "I've no time, you're to consider yourself under arrest. Come, get ready to march."

"Me," cried the farmer, "what have I done? I'll not move a step."

VOL. III.

Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter rushed between him and the corporal.

"For heaven's sake," cried she, "for heaven's sake, what has he done? What do they accuse him of? he's done nothing—nothing at all."

"Fix bayonets!" commanded the corporal. "Present."

The woman shrieked in wild despair, but the corporal stood rigid.

"Prepare to march, or blood will be shed. You're accused of treason, entering into communication with his Majesty's enemies, and getting young men commissions in the Irish brigade in the service of the king of France. Get ready, prepare to march; now come along, will you?"

"I'm ready," said O'Brien stontly, "Mary and Eileen, don't cry, darlints; never fear, I'll come back shortly; I've had nothing to do with it at all, at all!"

"Shoulder arms!" cried the corporal. "March."

Out of the house they went, leaving a stricken pair behind them. Oh, how sorrowful it looked to see the brave old man, the head of the family, whose word was their law, ordered about and out of his own house! How was the sanctuary desecrated, and the beautiful place trampled down! That last sight of the old man passing out into the night, a soldier on each side of him; how it haunted them! Their hearts were as though their chords had been rudely torn away; and they had no resource or happiness on earth. So they, kneeling, invoked it from heaven; they had too much confined happiness to the earth, and then they found that they had trusted to a breaking reed; but as they prayed, came strength to endure and hope.

They had bolted and locked the door after the old man's departure, and were still comforting each other before retiring to rest, when they heard stealthy footsteps outside, a push at the door, and then a short consultation. Their hearts beat with renewed, but greater because more vague, affright. Then came a knock at the door and a disguised voice asking, "A night's shelter for a poor wanderin' piper and his wife an' child?" There was no answer. Then a woman's voice demanded the same thing, "For the love of heaven, the poor child was starvin' with the cold." The mother and daughter drew closer to each other. That voice! no, no, it was no woman's; had they never heard it before? Surely, it was wonderfully like their neighbour Black's; but, again, had he not sent over word that morning that he was going to Limerick, and would be there all night? These ideas passed with the rapidity of lightning between the two trembling women. But, they occupied time enough to make those outside impatient.

"Come, come, open the door, or we'll break it in; 'tis Captain Rock. We want fire-arms!" he shouted, in a loud, menacing voice. Still no answer from within. The mother and daughter silently strengthened the door fastenings, then stepped lightly towards the back-door. To their horror they found it "on the latch" only; it at once occurred to them to slide out by it. It

was clear that the rude besiegers knew not of any but the one at which they were.

"Slip up, Eileen, an' waken Nora, aisy, aisy."

"Sure she's at the wake, mother dear."

"Dash in the door! Come, come, Eileen, you're wanted," shouted the "woman's" voice outside. "Captain Rock wants you—out with you, we know you're there."

Crash went the first blow on the door; the stout wood shivered.

"Rock, Rock, hurrah!" shouted voices at back and sides of the house, and a confused tramping of a crowd of feet was heard round about—approaching the front door. A sudden whispering was heard there; evidently the last cries emanated from a distinct party, and they gathered near the front. Accents of fury and fear were heard, especially in the "woman's" voice; then a noise of decamping feet, and of a rapidly-approaching crowd. A sudden yell of pain, and a loud "Rock, Rock, hurrah, hurrah!" burst forth. The next thing the perplexed and terror-struck women could distinguish amid the tramping was that the latch of the back-door was being tried. How despairingly they congratulated themselves on having fastened it. Suddenly they recognised the voice. "Open, ma'am, sure it's me." They warily opened, and pulled in the servant Nora; rapidly bolting it, they cautioned her to be silent for her life.

"Wisha, for why, ma'am?" said Nora, shockingly loud, and with something like triumph in her voice. A quick suspicion entered Mrs. O'Brien's mind, could Nora have tasted anything at the wake? It nearly made her faint, for then what were they to do? So she repeated her caution, told her the assault, and desired her to listen to the tramping outside yet; every moment a new assault might come on.

"Orra, but I'll assault," shouted Nora; "never mind, ma'am; don't be crying, Miss Eileen; it's bad enough about the poor master, but wisha sure its nothing but the cattle that are tramping there, the craiters! Myself and himself—you know I mean 'Leeam—were comin' up from the wake; he was to convoy me home, and whin we got near here, the moon gave a glimpse, an' we saw min at the door."

"That's a quare thing, thinks we, an' we slips along the garden wall, an' listens, an' we heard one say to the other, 'Now you purtind to be a piper,' an' again, 'do you purtind to be Captain Rock.' So as there was only three of them there, we thought we might partind where there was so much purtensions, an' we loosened the poor cuttle, an' drove them a-tramping through the dark round the house, an' we hurrahing 'Rock, Rock!' an' O wirra, ma'am if I don't think they took us for the rale captain after all, an' I do think that 'Leeam drove a pitch-fork into the make-believe wife and captain, for he gave an awful yell, an' to be sure he will deserve it all, an' twicest more, a wisha, O whirroo!" cried Nora, in a fever of delight and triumph, clasping them alternately and both together in her arms. With 'Leeam present, they felt that they had nothing more to fear, more especially as Bran, their brave dog, made his bark

heard, returning from the chase, to which he had devoted himself for a quarter of a mile, with all the energy of a private speculator.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks after the arrest of Michael O'Brien, and the midnight attack upon his house, the county courthouse was thronged by an anxious multitude. The builder of that legal edifice had not expended much anxiety in efforts to provide for the accommodation of the audience; or if he had, they had proved in vain.

Yet, inconvenient as was the position of each individual, when he first introduced himself into the narrow seats, it became, as may be imagined, rather more so, when he had to support considerable pressure on either shoulder, and resignedly, to upheave one or more anxious elbows, upon his back and neck.

"Si—lence!"—the judge has entered; the jury are sworn in.

Crier: "His gracious Majesty the king, George II., versus Michael O'Brien, for that he, contrary to acts in that case made and provided, has wilfully and traitorously essayed to procure, and did procure, a commission in the so-called Irish Brigade, a traitorous corps, then serving the enemy of his gracious Majesty, for his intended son-in-law, Donat O'Brien. Bring forth the prisoners!"

Then the learned lawyer for the king stated the matter of accusation, the heinousness of the offence, and the grave responsibility that weighed upon the very intelligent, very loyal, and very gentleman-like jury, whom he then and there had the honour of addressing. He would first prove to his lordship, and the gentlemen of the jury, by the testimony of an indisputably respectable, of a most distinguishedly loyal subject, who only appeared greatly against his inclination to give evidence, because his conscience would not permit him to be silent any longer—he would prove by his testimony, that the prisoner Michael O'Brien had imparted to him his intention. Next he would prove, on a testimony equally indisputable, and equally loyal, that he had actually carried his project into effect, and that the younger prisoner had been invested with the post, rank and title of sub-lieutenant or ensign, in said brigade, with full powers to enlist, seduce, and carry beyond the seas, such subjects of his gracious Majesty, King George the Second, as might be disaffected or unguarded. He would now call the first witness, Ezekiel Black.

Conversing in a low tone with a man, whose constitution seemed to have met with sad usage in life, 'Zekiel Black stood; now looking slightly startled at the sudden mention of his name. He seemed to have been ill, for he had to be helped up to the witness-box.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer for the prosecution, "you behold before you the effect of conscience" (Zeky Black's suspicious eye turned on him, uneasily) "you behold here a man who has had a severe struggle with himself to unveil a hideous crime in his neighbour. Ezekiel Black, state what the prisoner told you touching his treasonable designs."

Ezekiel Black.—“For why should I do aught or anything to injure my good neighbour? I beg to be let off. It may only have been in jest. But—”

The Judge.—“Witness, you have been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Tell it, sir, this instant, or, egad” (the judge was of an old and unpleasant school) “we’ll have you laid in his place. No sympathy with treason, sir, ha!”

Ezekiel Black, turning a vindictive, but, as it were, a deprecatory look at old O’Brien: “Well, my lord and gentlemen, I happened to be at this prisoner’s one night, in the early part of the year. None were there but our two selves. The prisoner informed me that he was powerful with a colonel of the brigade, and that he was about procuring a commission for Donat O’Brien, his intended son-in-law, and that if I desired, he would get me nominated; which I declined timorously, for I was afraid of his basty temper. Then he threatened me.”

Counsel for the defence.—“My lord and gentlemen of the jury, we will prove this man’s evidence a vile perjury. It is true there was a conversation; it is untrue that any illegal proposition was made; it is true none were present in the apartment; but the prisoner’s wife, here present, heard every word from an adjoining apartment—”

Counsel for the prosecution.—“I protest against this, till my witnesses are heard; besides, we all know what value to attach to a wife’s evidence, when her family’s endangered.”

Counsel for the defence.—“I appeal then to his lordship to make the witness sit down; he has been standing there disrespectfully.”

His Lordship.—“Sit down, witness, sit down, sir. Eh? What? If you don’t sit down without that shambling pretence, I’ll order you off the table, sir. Go down, this instant, sir,” to Ezekiel who, after several praise-worthy but vain attempts, stood up in despair. “Take him into custody for contempt of court.”

Counsel for the prosecution.—“My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I am informed by last witness that he meant no disrespect, inasmuch as he was unable to perform the court’s behest, on account of an accidental fall depriving him the power of a leg—a fall which he received in endeavouring to rescue a dumb favourite from a torrent. My next witness shall complete the chain of evidence, and thoroughly vindicate my last witness’s statement. Job Slocum!”

Here the individual with whom Ezekiel had been in conversation, made a sudden rush forward, but quickly stopping, he marched up with preternatural gravity.

“Your name is Slocum?”—The witness had one shoulder considerably higher than the other; so, as the elevated shoulder, was next his interrogator, he “slued himself” round and imparted in a confidential voice, that his name was “Job Slocum.”

“What’s your business?”

Witness.—“Wall, ah, d’ye see, I’ve been suthings in my time, an’ I don’t know why you should ax—”

“Are you not a sea-captain?”

Witness confidently, and apparently much relieved—

“Yes, I is.”

“And you, walking out one evening, accidentally saw both said prisoners meet in the ruined abbey by the sea-coast with several foreigners, and there heard the elder prisoner state his treasonable intentions, which were accepted by the foreigners and Donat O’Brien?”

Witness rising from the chair, and steadying himself upon his legs—“Yes, I did, sartenly, there to meet on sea-coast, state his tentions—Donat O’Brien and his daughter, made a hinsign of both.”

Counsel for defence, innocently.—“Do you mean of Donat O’Brien and his daughter?”

Witness, “slueing” round to him, and shutting his eye emphatically.—“Yis, I” (here he caught a glimpse of Zeky in the court, shaking his head and frowning) I doant—doant ee be doin that, eh? all right, Yis I doant Sir,” sitting down with great gravity.

Counsel for the prosecution.—“My lord, I protest against being interrupted by the counsel for the defence before his time. But now, my lord, I have done with this witness; he may go down.”

Counsel for the defence.—“Stay a moment. Now witness, upon your oath, on your solemn oath, Sir, who did you hear talking of giving this title of ensign to Donat O’Brien?”

Witness arose and steadied himself sternly upon his wavering knees. It was too evident that the air of the court was developing the incipient intoxication with which he had entered it. He attempted to fold his arms, and look at his interrogator, but his arms slid down by his sides. His friend Zeky had managed to sidle over near him, (he had not been removed from court on account of the crowd,) and now stood close by the table. Witness shut one of his eyes, and his face again assumed that drunken look of preternatural wisdom, characteristic of the inebriate; but he seemed to want a guiding string. Suddenly his eyes fell on his patron, and stooping down all at once, he put his arm round his neck, despite his struggles.

“Ere,” said he, in a lachrymose and pathetic tone, “Ere he is, and was, and shall be. ’Twas he, my noble friend, as told me all, why not? he is a very noble friend as should know it better nor a stranger in this ’ere country, as I is, and allers was. I’ll stand by him, my lord,” said he, turning and speaking confidently to the judge; “no other shall get the credit on’t, and I tell ye as it happened; we met in Limerick, and he called I into a tavern, and told I all ’bout it, and stood hansum; so I ’greed; I ’greed at once to do wot’s right.”

The crowd burst into a roar and cheer at this disclosure of villany, and the judge, irritated at such a demonstration, had Job Slocum seized upon at once, and was about to pronounce summary sentence for their committal, when the counsel for the defence called his attention to the fact, that he had witnesses to produce.

Judge.—“We’ve had enough of witnesses; the case has evidently been trumped up; a clumsy case, sir, very.”

Counsel.—“My lord, these witnesses are to testify that the man, Ez-kiel Black did, on the night on which

O'Brien was taken up, attempt burglary on his house, in order to carry away his daughter. This is the true reason has made him try to impose upon your lordship and the intelligent gentlemen of the jury. Mrs. O'Brien, a truthful witness, will prove that Ezekiel Black's account of the conversation in the kitchen was utterly false. Eileen O'Brien will prove that she recognised the voice of the aforesaid Black, demanding admission, at his midnight attempt at burglary. The servant Nora will swear that the glimpses she has had of the burglar's face outside, were enough to make her believe that 'twas he. But here, my lord, is an unmistakable witness," and he threw down the iron head of a pitch-fork on the table, to the great interest and amusement of the spectators.

"That, my lord, or a wound caused by it, was what made him disobey your lordship; and now we will proceed to examine the witnesses,"—with which we need not trouble our readers. It doubtless was fully reported in the local papers; and if any of our readers have a file of them, and patience to "try back," he may or may not find how Ezekiel Black was transported for the period of his natural life, and Job Slocum for seven years. If, perhaps, he should look studiously through the column set apart for births, deaths, and marriages, he might also (or might not) find that Eileen O'Brien and Donat O'Brien were united in holy matrimony, and that the name of O'Brien increased—ah, and decreased also.

G. S.

HOW TOURISTS "DO" IRELAND.

It has been remarked of large cities generally, and of London in particular, that their native residents, as a rule, are less acquainted with the "lions" which surround them, than strangers who may have paid a flying visit to the place.

Of the tourists who have "done" Ireland, and favoured us with their impressions, it may be said that they appear to have seen things which we could not see, though for many years past we have travelled the length and breadth of the land, by railway, boat, coach, car, and omnibus, or by that more ancient, but as we hold, equally dignified mode of progression, commonly styled "tramping." Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Barrow, Myles, Manners, Thackeray, and other writers of name, have left us their "impressions," coupled frequently with what, no doubt, they have pleased to consider as a little good advice to "Paddy and his Wife."

To any Irishman of feeling, there is something highly offensive in the patronising air which writers of the class referred to, almost invariably assume when treating on subjects of which very frequently they possess not even a superficial knowledge. But this is not the only grievance of which we would complain. It would seem to be required of such writers that their book or paper, as it may be, should be largely enriched with smart imaginary descriptions of people or places. Caricature, not Truth, is required for the English market, and we shall see that the supply is equal to the demand.

Even writers friendly to Ireland cannot get out of the prevailing fashion. The following description of Larry Moore, the Bannow boatman, is from the pen of a well-known Irish authoress, and we give it as a fair specimen of the kind of writing which our neighbours relish when the subject is Irish:—"His lower garments have evidently once been trousers—blue trousers; but, as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knees, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows, and no wonder, for Larry, when awake, is ever employed either in pelting the sea gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and, as Larry, of course, rests his elbows on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not impenetrable stuff. His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of sunburnt straw, banded by a misshapen ribbon, and garished by red "delisk,"—red and green; his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over his left eye, and keeps it 'quite handy, without any trouble.' His bushy, reddish hair, persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat."

Now, we must say, beyond all fear of contradiction, that this Larry Moore must have been a most extraordinary character. How he could have performed these "exploits" of "rowing his boat," "pelting the seagulls," &c., &c., &c., while his elbows rests upon the rocks, is a subject of curious speculation which we respectfully refer to the learned. Here, too, we have the stereotyped hat of the stage Irishman, with its holes, and the inevitable "cutty pipe stuck through a slit in the brim." We would ask any honest person in the least acquainted with the country, whether our men and youths of the labouring class, or indeed of any class, are in the habit of carrying their dhudeens upon the outside of their hats? We know well what the reply would be. Indeed the beloved pipe is kept "quite handy" in a position much nearer the Irishman's heart, yet what caricature of "Paddy" would be complete without the mythical cutty, either, as in the case of Larry, stuck through a slit in the brim, or confined to the hat by a band. It is a matter, we admit, of very little importance, whether the pipe be carried upon the Irishman's hat or in his waistcoat pocket, but it is curious to observe how uniformly our caricaturists insist on the prevalence of the former practice, an arrangement by-the-bye, which in all our travels, north, south, east and west, in Ireland, we have never once had the observation to detect. If writers, admittedly friendly to Ireland can thus give a loose rein to their fancy, and describe "the thing which is not," in order to rivet the attention of their readers, we may expect something, if possible, even more strained from the pens of foreign professional "chiel," who come and see, and "do" the country with a view of making as much of their "notes" as the

publisher can be induced to hand over. Mr. Kohl, who has generally been described as a very observant traveller, some few years ago favoured us with a visit. In due time, a book on Ireland, from his pen, is published—from which book we make the following extract, for the length of which we must apologise to our readers:—"The rags of Ireland" writes our visitor, "are quite as remarkable a phenomena as the ruins; as an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. * * * No rags so completely worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, are elsewhere to be seen—at the elbows, and at all the the other corners of the body the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose." (Beautiful simile!) "The edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, or the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at length unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is, every morning, disposed after a new fashion; and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat."

But perhaps Mr. Kohl did not see, or could not notice, the garment in question. He seems to have been absorbed in the idea of Irishmen, as a body, being dressed, not in the working-man's dress, but in the wreck of the gentleman's; that is, that the clothes which are usually worn by our farmers and labourers, the "dress coat," for instance, with its long tail, useless collar, and flapping sides, is actually an article that had at one time moved in what Pecksniff calls "society," in fact that, as a general rule, Pat had on his back the work of some highly-talented and distinguished artist, residing, perhaps, not far from Regent Street. It is a very common mistake made by superficial writers, when touching upon the subject of Irish male attire, that the body-coats of our peasantry are the cast-offs of gentlemen, or at least of people of some condition, and Mr. Kohl could not get out of the old tramway of error. A slight exercise of that power of observation for which he has at least the credit, would have shown him that the cloth is evidently of home manufacture, and that though the coat be "swallow-tailed," it is in other respects a very different article from that which a gentleman usually exhibits at an evening party. But "there are none so blind as those who won't see," and our author, no doubt, felt the necessity of spicing his narrative, at Pat's expense, to suit the taste of his readers. Had Mr. Kohl visited even a few of the cabins in almost any district of Ireland, which he professes to describe, he might have seen the process of cloth manufacture in full operation,—the combing, carding, spinning, and weaving, and his ears might have been refreshed with many an ancient Celtic air, with which the women and girls, engaged in a portion of the work, usually make the time pass cheerily. He might even

have seen the county tailor at work, cutting and stitching some of these very "dress coats" which he mistakes for cast-off gentlemen's apparel.

After reading such a description of the Irishman's dress—mind, reader, the remarks refer not to the rags of some wretched beggar-man, but to the ordinary dress of our fellow-countrymen,—we must wonder at the coolness of the observant traveller. But he is not yet done upon the subject of coats. After making the discovery that Paddy's coat is not the dress of a working man, but the wreck of that of a gentleman, he proceeds—"Often one-half of the swallow-tail is gone, and the other half may be seen, drooping in widowed sorrow over its departed companion, whom it is evidently prepared to follow on no very distant day. It seems never to occur to the owner, when one of these neglected flaps hangs, suspended only by a few threads, that half-a-dozen stitches would renew its connection with the parent coat, or that one bold cut would, at all events, put it out of its lingering misery. No; morning after morning, he draws on the same coat, with the tail drooping in the same pity-inspiring condition, till the doomed fragment drops at last of its own accord, and is left lying in the street."

Mr. Kohl must, indeed, have an extraordinary taste for the description of rags. We who know, or think we know, the country pretty well, have never been able to discover in the apparel of Paddy, the fringed retique so particularly described. We have laboured under the impression, that except in the case of an odd beggarman, who has reasons for his raggedness, the Irish working man usually possesses a very commodious garment which he styles "coatamore," and from which many gentlemen of wealth and position have their great travelling coats designed; and right comfortable protections they are, with their ample capes of native frieze, and flowing skirts, which usually descend below the knee. In fact, the "coatamore" may be considered as the successor and representative of the famous mantle, once universally adopted in Ireland, and against the wearing of which—because it was so useful and national an article of dress—Spenser, was pleased to devote a chapter, perhaps not the least characteristic in his often-quoted "State of Ireland."

"For, it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meete bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; and at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome."

We do not, of course, wish to intimate that no second or third hand clothes are imported to Ireland from the "sister country." There can be no doubt that a considerable traffic in such articles exists, but the purchasers are not the peasantry, or indeed country people at all. In large cities in Ireland, in Dublin and Cork for instance, there are many dealers in left-off clothes; but their customers are almost invariably townspeople, humble persons of small means, who, however, must to a certain extent keep up appearance. Mr. Kohl, could not get out of the beaten track—he must write of rags, rags, rags; and it is not difficult to trace the source of his inspi-

ration. A former tourist, a Mr. Willis, in his "Pencilings by the Way," had evidently struck the key-note, and the rags must be done to perfection, or the book would not claim that satisfactory attention on the other side of the Channel which would make the matter a profitable speculation. He was also preceded by a Mr. Barrow, who has certainly had the honesty to admit that in some parts of Ireland the prospect was cheerful enough—that his gratification was great at finding the people of Antrim, for instance, cheerful, well-behaved, and generally well-clothed.

From "the Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland," written by Willis, and illustrated by Bartlett, we make the following elegant extract:—

"As we drove into Drogheda we entered a crowd, which I can only describe as suggesting the idea of a miraculous advent of rags. It was market day; and the streets were so thronged that you could scarce see the pavement except under the feet of the horses, and the public square was a sea of tatters. Here, and all over Ireland, I could but wonder where and how these rent and frattered habiliments had gone through the preparatory stages of wear and tear. There were no degrees—nothing above rags to be seen in coat or petticoat, waistcoat or breeches, cloak or shirt. Even the hats and shoes were in rags; not a whole covering, even of the coarsest material, was to be detected on a thousand backs about us: nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except here and there a hole in a beggar's coat stuffed with straw. Who can give me the genealogy of Irish rags? Who took the gloss from these coats, once broadcloth? Who wore them? Who tore them? Who sold them to the Jews? (for, by the way, Irish rags are fine rags, seldom frieze or fustian). How came the tatters of the entire world, in short, assembled in Ireland? for if, as it would seem, they have all descended from the backs of gentlemen, the entire world must contribute to maintain the supply."

This is indeed a very sad account of Paddy's wardrobe, but we happen to know the people and district thus descanted on pretty well, and thus we can safely affirm that Mr. Willis never saw what he has thus described. Mark, reader, his account of the beggars of the then and still flourishing town of Drogheda.

"I had been rather surprised at the scarcity of beggars in Belfast, but the beggars in Drogheda fully came up to the traveller's descriptions. They were of every possible variety. At the first stop the coach made in the town, we were very near running over a blind man, who knelt in the liquid mud of the gutter (the calves of his legs covered by the pool, and only his heels appearing above), and held up in his hands the naked and footless stumps of a boy's legs. The child sat in a wooden box, with his back against the man's breast, and ate very unconcernedly of a loaf of bread, while the blind exhibitor turned his face up to the sky, and waving the stumps slightly from side to side, kept up a vociferation for charity that was heard above all the turmoil of the market-place. When we stopped to change horses, the entire population, as deep as they could stand, at least, with any chance of being heard, held out their hands, and in every conceivable tone and mode of arresting the attention, implored charity. The sight was awful; old age in shapes so hideous I should think the

most horrible nightmare never had conceived. The rain poured down upon their tangled and uncovered heads, seaming, with its cleansing torrents, faces so hollow, so degraded in expression, and withal so clothed with filth and neglect, that they seemed like features of which the very owners had long lost, not only care, but consciousness and remembrance; as if in the horrors of want and idiocy, they had anticipated the corrupting apathy of the grave, and abandoned everything except the hunger which gnawed them into memory of existence. The feeble blows and palsied fighting of these hag-like spectres for the pence thrown to them from the coach, and the howling, harsh, and unnatural voices in which they imprecated on each other in the fury of the struggle, have left a remembrance in my mind, which deepens immeasurably my fancied *nadir* of human abandonment and degradation. God's image so blasted, so defiled, so sunk below the 'beasts that perish,' I would not have believed was to be found in the same world with *hope*."

This indeed is "doing" Ireland with a vengeance, and we are less surprised at the gross falsehood of the account, than at the daring of the writer, who must have known that many of his readers, even in England would give his account of perhaps the most comfortable, and certainly the richest district in Ireland, its proper name.

The idea of people stopping the holes in their dresses with straw, is excessively rich and original. The streets were so thronged, that he could not see the pavements, except under the feet of the horses! Wonderful man, or rather wonderful horses with the transparent feet. No degrees of ruin, nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except the holes stopped with straw! Really Mr. Willis, you should have looked a little sharper. Where were the rich well-to-do gentlemen who, to our own knowledge, attend this very market, for the purpose of buying and selling stock? Where were the fat, comfortable Meath farmers? where the jobbers with their generally well-lined pockets, men who can freight steamers with livestock for the markets of almost every considerable city or town in England? We think you may "go down Sir," though not to posterity, as a conscientious truth-telling writer.

Barrow's book is everywhere less offensive to Irishmen than either of the two which we have noticed. Its author gives, however as a frontispiece, a rank caricature of an Irish jaunting-car, drawn, we regret to say, by our justly-celebrated countryman, Daniel Maclise. The machine represented never existed, except in the imagination of the painter, and Mr. Barrow's description of our national vehicle was evidently manufactured by him, in order to introduce a smart saying supposed to have been made by a jarvey, in his definition of an outside car, as distinguishing it from an inside car.—viz. that the former had its wheels inside, while the latter had its wheels outside. In order to be very smart he describes the well of an Irish car as being usually full of water. By the by, our cars seem usually to attract the attention of writers upon Irish subjects.

Englishmen generally cannot understand them. We see tourists from the sister isle, when driving through our streets, convulsively clutching the driver's box or the back of the seat, in mortal fear of their legs being knocked off by some passing vehicle. In drawings, the outside car is always caricatured, as is also its driver, who is almost invariably represented in tatters, and with the pipe stuck in the band of a shocking bad hat. Why this should be the case we cannot say, for beyond question our javeys are as decent a set of men of their class as can be found elsewhere. Were they dirty or ragged to nearly the degree represented in the ordinary caricature, or were their vehicles or harness out of condition, they would soon have to appear before a magistrate. But we cannot be allowed fair play in either literature or art. A friend of ours, possessed of very considerable information on subjects connected with the natural history and scenery of Ireland, visited London in the course of last summer. He there met an old acquaintance, who was about investing a large sum of money in the purchase of a large painting in oil, said to represent a well-known scene at Killarney. It was proposed that both gentlemen should proceed to the artist's studio, and that our friend, who was supposed to be quite skilled in the scenery of Ireland in general, and in that of Killarney in particular, should give an opinion as to the correctness of the work. They went accordingly, and the picture is produced, a large composition, of more than an average degree of merit, but as unlike any view about Killarney as could well be. However, there were rocks, water, mountain, and an abundance of wood, and on a sward sloping to the lake's edge, a pic-nic party of very innocent and interesting-looking young ladies and gentlemen at dinner. This, our readers, will suppose was a very appropriate passage in the foreground of a supposed representation of one of the greatest show-places in Ireland—but there was another figure in the picture, half hidden by foliage, leaning over a rock, and levelling a blunderbuss at the unsuspecting revellers—a native is represented. His dress, of course, was rags (rags again); his hat exhibited the regulation number of holes, and of course there was the everlasting pipe! My friend remonstrated with the painter, but all was in vain. He was quite sure of selling the picture through the introduction of that little passageway strongly objected to; for did not such affairs take place in Ireland every day? "By Jove, sir, that blunderbuss will sell the picture!" We are happy to say it did not, on that occasion.

We commenced this little notice of "How Tourists 'Do' Ireland," when Ireland is concerned, by stating that the writers appear to have seen many wonderful things which a native could not see. What wonderful manner of men must they be—not to have come and made such astounding discoveries; but to have been able to cram so many often ingeniously devised misrepresentations into a few little books.

WINTER MORNING.

BEFORE DAYBREAK

SAVE the quick patter of descending hail
A solemn, gloomy silence holds the world.
Above me, and around, a sullen, cheerless
Void of changeless black; deep, dense, dim. No star,
Nor ray of star; not e'en the glance of meteor.
Air, earth and sea are black! O, glorious
Light, thou mirror of great nature, in which
The Godhead sees his works; celestial
Voucher of omnipotence, how joyless
Were this world without thy cheering beams.

DAYBREAK.

Behold where yonder in the murky east
The faintly greyish glimmer of the dawn
Relieves the broad opaque; and as a slaggard,
Morning lifts her lids and closes them again.
At length aroused by the circling hours,
She leaves her bed, unwilling to reveal
Her drowsy face, portentous of a day
Most bleak and bitter. Clouds of sickly white
Precede the struggling gleams of distant day,
While felon-favouring darkness steals away
From the pursuing strides of searching light.

'Tis dawn; and over the awakening earth
Aurora breathes in chilling exhalations.
How different she now seems, vested in all
Of white; her whilome rosy fingers cramped
And hueless; and her brows so lately wreathed
With flowers; encircled with diadem
Of glittering sparks that mock the diamond;
Unreal lustre theirs; 'tis like the glare
That, for a moment occupies the eye
Of man but late departed.

In indistinct perspective

The barren bleakness of the distant hills
Shews out; while their jagged sides impregnable
To storms, look wintry as the season.
Forth from beneath the fuel-making furze,
Silvered with hoar frost, creeps the wily fox,
Eying with cautious glance the hills around;
And as the clarion of the stately cock
Reverberates in the air, he sniffs the gale,
And with fell purpose dodges tow'ards the barn
Where chanticleer exulting flaps his wings,
Giving his welcome to the risen day.

Repulsive frowns old ocean. Over his waves,
Scanning with hungry scowl their dismal depths,
The harsh-voiced seagull floats, seeking his morning meal.
In the offing, lo! the fisher, seaworn
And weary, drags o'er his crazy wherry's
Tarless side the net, instinct with ocean's
Denizens, that upwards spring, as if they
Would assail their captor, who, snaring, lured
Them from their free domain. He, reckless, heeds

Them not ; striking his numbed and scaly hands
 Alternately against his fearnought sides,
 Exciting warmth where all around is chill.
 With anxious eye, high on a beetling cliff,
 His new-made wife looks out, piercing the mist
 To hail his well-known skiff. The riven clouds
 Scud quickly : lo ! the heaving swell fortells
 A gale approaching. Towards the lowering sky
 The seaman looks distrustful, as the waves
 Surge higher, tossing his yielding boat.
 To 'scape the fury of the gathering storm
 He makes for shore, but all too late—it bursts
 In dark'ning horror bellowing o'er his head ;
 And fiercely rushing from the deep, upsweps
 The mounting terrors of the sea into
 A sheet of hissing foam. Anear the shore,
 Now loud resounding with the mad wave's wrath,
 The unresisting skiff is driven—Now,
 Within the gorge of two tremendous billows
 It seems swallowed. Now high aloft 'tis flung,
 And for a while scuds safely onward, till
 The mighty waters burst toppling o'er it,
 And down with awful ruin fierce descend.
 Struggling amid the war of winds and waves,
 Behold the seaman with desperate courage
 Battling for his life ! No aid, no succour,
 And a raging world of foes around him.
 On the cliff in that dread, awful moment
 He beholds his wife, and ere the next, sinks
 Buried deep for ever.

Louder and fiercer roars the rattling tempest,
 As if exulting over haughty man
 Who dared oppose its might. Shrieking upon
 The beach, alas ! the wife, wild as the wind,
 And heedless of its fury, calls upon
 The sea to render back the dead ; almost
 Impugning the Divine decree !

Upon the land the swooping storm now revels,
 Scouring the hills and deep secluded vales.
 Trees bending low their naked heads to earth,
 Confess its might, while tumbling torrents speak
 Aloud its power. Echoes the lordly
 Hall, the tempests, howl. The church bell tolls
 Destruction to its tower. Yon temple,
 See, is riven, and the holy shrine lies
 Prone 'neath masses of its fretted dome !
 Streaming upon the wind, the yellow store
 Of autumn fields is scattered. Lo ! the birds
 Of air promiscuous whirled along, while
 Piercing the thick sky, the shafted lightning
 Darts o'er the swollen waters, blasts the oak,
 And smites to death the image of his Maker !
 Can words convey the volleying thunder peal
 Which seems to rive the very vault of heav'n !
 The frightened earth feels shaken to the centre.
 The headlong tempest lords it uncontrolled,
 Walking the world in fierce and fearful horror.

JOHN DUGGAN.

LENDERS AND BORROWERS.

JEWISH AND ROMAN LAWS RESPECTING INSOLVENTS.

WE can nowhere find a more lively picture of the ordinary condition of the unfortunate debtor than that which is given us in the twenty-ninth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, whose moral and economic lessons are so eminently calculated to guide and console in all the ups-and-downs of life. Considering the relations of man to man, and our mutual dependence on each other, the son of Sirach, or, as he is more commonly styled, Ecclesiasticus, tells us "that he who showeth mercy lendeth to his neighbour," or, in other words, that the law of charity counsels, if it does not compel, the rich and affluent man to relieve the necessities of his indigent brother. Pursuing this train of thought, Ecclesiasticus says :—"He that is strongest in hand keepeth the commandments," or, in other words, he who is liberal-handed, generous, and sympathetic, observes that law of charity which obliges us to come to our neighbour's assistance when he is hard pressed by want or overtaken by adversity. "Lend to thy neighbour in the time of his need, and pay thy neighbour again in due time." In this passage we clearly see the mutual obligations of lender and borrower ; and, in order that the latter might lack no instruction as to his duty, the inspired penman continues—"Keep thy word, and deal fairly with thy creditor, and thou shalt always find that which is necessary for thee." Contrasting the honest and honourable borrower with the faithless and dishonest, the same inspired authority states, "that many have looked upon a thing lent as a thing found," disavowing all obligation of restitution, and acting as though the loan which had kept them from irretrievable ruin were a thing found on the sea-shore or dug up out of the earth. Debtors of this sort, it would appear, were numerous in the days when Ecclesiasticus flourished, two centuries before our era ; but, as he wrote for all times, we must be convinced that his descriptions were meant not only for the people of his own period, but for those of each succeeding age till the final consummation. How applicable to the dishonest borrower in our own times is the passage which describes the cajoling, cringing Jew in the days of Ecclesiasticus ! "Till they receive, they kiss the hands of the lender, and in promises they humble their voice ;" but when the day for payment comes, "they will ask time, and will return tedious and murmuring words, and will complain of the time," trumping up idle excuses, such as dulness of trade, failure of crops, heavy taxation, wars, and such like ; nay, more, in many instances, when able to acquit themselves, if not of the whole, at least of part of their obligations, "they will stand off, and will scarce pay one half, counting it as if they had found it." How graphic and truthful is this picture, drawn by the inspired pencil, and with what convincing force does the same authority tell us that the individual whose necessities some generous man has relieved, from a feeling of pure charity and

comiseration, in many instances repays good with evil, nay, and by some secret perverseness of nature, becomes the deadliest enemy of his benefactor! "Defrauding him of his money, he shall get him for an enemy *without cause*, and, instead of honour and good turn, will repay him injuries."

The contrasted character of the generous lender and the ungrateful, dishonest borrower, so admirably portrayed in the passages we have quoted from Ecclesiasticus, did not escape the observation of the pagan moralists, who took special care to depict both in their true colours, challenging for the defrauded the sympathy of the virtuous, and for the ingrate defrauder the execration of the good and honest section of their readers. Nay, more in order to impress the people at large with a due horror of dishonesty and ingratitude, and to expose the heartlessness of those who, willingly forgetful of the benefits which they received in the trying moment of their distress, repaid good with evil, some of their dramatists exhibited on the public stage representatives of both types—the generous, trusting friend and the scheming, fraudulent debtor—doubtless, with a view to make the spectators compassionate the one and detest the other. Thus, for example, Plautus, in a comedy, entitled *Capitui*, makes one of his personages moralise as follows:—"So it is with the great mass of mankind, whilst asking for what they cannot do without they are good and honest; but the moment they get what they ask, from good they become the very worst, and most fraudulent." And in another piece called *Trinummies*, we find one of his heroes expressing similar sentiments thus:—"Now-a-days, if any one lends let him look upon his money as lost; for should you ask repayment, you will discover that you have either forfeited your property or found an enemy. The talent that I lent cost me a friend, and bought me hatred." In the same strain does Aristophanes, another writer of comedies, show up the ingratitude and roguery of borrowers in his day; and nothing can exceed the sly, humorous sarcasm which we find in a dialogue between two of his personages—Socrates and Strasilces—whom he introduces in this fashion:—

"Socrates—Does thy memory serve thee?

"Strasilces—Ay faith, in a double sense—for if anything is due to me, my memory is wonderfully good; but if I owe anything, it is wonderfully bad."

Deplorable as were the relations between creditor and debtor in the pagan times, and so universal was the dishonesty of the latter, if we may credit the most celebrated of their writers, far worse indeed was the condition of those who placed money in the hands of trustees. We might multiply quotations to prove that breach of trust was a fact of every-day occurrence among the pagans, and that honesty or principle, as it is called, found no bidding place in the world till Christianity came to establish the grand doctrine of rewards and punishments. Juvenal will always be regarded as a faithful painter of the manners of the times in which he lived, and authority such as his has never been

questioned when exposing the vices of the Roman people, whom he knew so thoroughly. Let us hear him on the subject of breach of trust, and show from the few passages we subjoin how wide-spread, among other vices, was that of dishonesty among the Romans, and how little confidence anyone of them could place in another. Bantering a certain Calvinus, whose trustees had robbed him of his property, the great satirist strives to reconcile him to his loss, and gives us an insight into the reckless mode of *protesting*, by which trust-breakers were in the habit of absolving themselves from all responsibility—

"And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!
What if another cry, a friend of thine,
Is stript of ten times more! a third, again,
Of what his bursting chest would scarce contain!
For 'tis so common in this age of ours,
So easy to condemn the Immortal Powers,
That can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark with how bold a voice and fixed a brow
The villain dares his treachery disavow!
By all the hallowed orbs that flame above,
I HAD IT NOT! by the red bolts of Jove,
By the winged shaft that laid the centaur low,
By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow,
By the strong lance that Mars delights to wield,
By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's shield,
And every weapon that's to vengeance given
Stores the tremendous magazine of heaven,—
Nay, if I had, I'll slay this son of mine,
And eat his head soused in Egyptian brine."

In such a state of society 'tis hard to imagine how men of wealth, or even moderate means, could place any reliance in each other; for indeed, as we learn from the satire which we have been quoting, honesty was regarded as something marvellous, as Juvenal himself tells us in the following passages:—

"Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
Restores the pledge with all its gathered rust,
'Tis deemed a present worthy to appear
Among the wonders of the Tuscan year—
A prodigy of faith which threatens the state,
And a ewe lamb can scarcely expiate,—
Struck at the view, if now I chance to see
A man of ancient worth and probity,
To pregnant mules the monster I compare,
Or fish upturned beneath the wondering shore."

Let us now give our readers some idea of the manner in which the Jews and the ancient Romans dealt with their insolvent debtors. As for the former, it was customary with them to commit debtors to prison, either with a view to prevent them from eluding their creditors, or to punish their dishonesty according to the old maxim—"qui non habet in ore, luat in corpore," or, in other words—he who cannot pay with his purse must be mulcted in his body. Various passages of the Holy Scriptures inform us that it was usual under the Mosaic dispensation for the creditor to seize the person of the debtor, and sell him as a slave, not, however, to pagans or people of another nation, but to some individual of their own religion or tribe. The seizure or sale of the

debtor who was unable to pay is described in the Fourth Book of Kings, where we find the poor widow appealing to the Prophet Eliseus, and telling him "that the creditor is coming to take away her two sons to *serve* him," that is, to be made the creditor's slaves or bondsmen. The same mode of procedure is still more clearly exhibited in various passages of the Scriptures of the new law, and particularly in the beautiful parable in the 18th of St. Matthew, where our Redeemer speaks of the king to whom one of his subjects owed ten thousand talents,—“And as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord had commanded that he should be *sold*, and his wife and children, and all that he had.” From a subsequent passage of the same parable we learn, that the merciful king cancelled the entire debt of ten thousand talents, and that the ingrate to whom he had acted so benevolently, no sooner found himself freed from all obligation than he seized on the person of a poor man who owed him a paltry sum, for non-payment of which “he cast him into prison.” The period of imprisonment for debt, as we learn from Josephus, did not exceed seven years, for it was usual to release all debtors on the seventh or sabbatic year. The Mosaic law, moreover, made a special provision in favour of the insolvent debtor, and ordained that the creditor should not be empowered to make a seizure on those things which were absolutely for the debtor's existence. Thus, as we learn from the book of Deuteronomy, the creditor was forbidden to carry off the quern, or hand-mill, without which the debtor could not provide food for himself or family, and the same authority gives us to understand that the creditor cannot at his own option enter the house of the debtor and carry away whatever he liked as an equivalent for the sum to which he was entitled. The law on this head is clearly laid down in the following passages:—“When thou shalt demand anything of thy neighbour that he oweth thee, thou shalt not go into his house to take away a pledge, but thou shalt stand without, and he shall bring out to thee what he hath. But, if he be poor, *“the pledge shall not rest with thee that night*, but thou shalt restore it to him before the going down of the sun, that he may sleep in his own raiment and bless thee.” From these passages it is clear that the law contemplated these things—the bed and bedclothes, for example—without which the debtor could not exist. But if it be asked what object the legislator had in view when enforcing the restitution of a “pledge” to the debtor in the course of a few hours after the latter had given it to his creditor, we may answer that this regulation was imposed in order to stimulate the industry of the one and to repress the avarice and cupidity of the other. A sense of shame and secrecy would doubtless have due weight with the debtor when he found himself exposed to the alternative of seeing his furniture, day after day, carried out of his house before his neighbours; and perhaps the creditor seeing his debtor reduced to such extremity, might be moved to deal more mercifully with him.

As for the manner in which the Roman laws of the

Twelve Tables dealt with insolvents, we need hardly say that its way in every respect far less merciful and lenient than the Mosaic ordinances which, as we have seen, extended protection to the unfortunate debtor. In fact, the Roman law decreed that the debtor should not be arrested till an entire month had elapsed after his bill or bond had become due, and this provision was made in order that the debtor might have time to make up the amount for which he was liable. At the expiration of the month, however, if the creditors were not paid, they were empowered to seize the person of the debtor and load his feet with chains. During the period of his detention in prison, two months were allowed the insolvent to come to some agreement with the creditor, and in this interval the former was led thrice a day into the public market square, where, in presence of the Prætor, and the crowd always found in such places, the creditor proclaimed by a crier the amount of his victim's liability, hoping, no doubt, that some compassionate individual or individuals would collect as much as might be required to liquidate the debt. In case this did not succeed, the insolvent was either banished out of Rome or handed over to the creditors, who, if they were merciless, might, if they were so minded, hew the unfortunate insolvent into pieces, and distribute the fragments of his body among them, according to a certain regulation made and provided for such contingency. Be it told to their credit, however, that fond as the Romans were of bloody spectacles, they never availed themselves of such a privilege. Anulus Gellius, who flourished about the year 130, is explicit on this subject, and states that he never heard of any insolvent being treated so barbarously.—“*Dissectum esse antiquitus neminem equidem neque legi neque audivi.*”—A fact, however, narrated by Livy in the eighth book of the first decade, brought about a remarkable change in the Roman law regarding debtor and creditor, and ultimately stripped the latter of the power of putting the insolvent to death. A certain Caius Publius, says the great historian, gave himself up to a usurer named Papirius, for a debt contracted by his father; and as the usurer could not by threats or promises prevail on Publius to commit certain acts repugnant to humanity, he scourged him so cruelly that the sight of the unfortunate man's bleeding back and shoulders excited everyone to compassion and indignation. In a word the people besieged the senate-house, and appealed to the senators as they were passing, protesting vociferously against a law which empowered any scoundrel like Papirius to set at defiance all laws of common decency. The appeal was too energetic and demonstrative not to be heard, and thenceforth it was enacted that no Roman citizen should be chained or fettered unless for some criminal offence; and it was also decided that instead of arresting the person of a debtor, the creditor should be empowered to seize his goods and chattels proportionally to the amount of the debt. Thus were the doors of the insolvent jails thrown open in Rome, and thus were debtors emancipated from the tyranny of their creditors.

THE PEOPLE.

"WHAT sept is yours?" the stranger asked,
 (Lip curled in mockeries,
 The cold light of a shallow sneer
 In the corners of his eyes);
 "What is your sept—what high-souled deeds
 Have your forefathers done?"
 I looked straight in his scornful face,
 And truly answered—"None!"

"I know not, and care not to know,
 The race from which I've sprung;
 But far worse men had grooms and squires,
 And better men have hung.
 Perhaps, my fathers sat, of old,
 Round solemn council fires;
 Or dined on free-wood venison
 Off the broad bucks of your sires.

"But whether mean or whether great,
 It matters not to me;
 The best of babes is not an heir
 To true nobility.
 Give me, instead of puling rank,
 Rich-scented, plumed, and curled,
 The tinker boy, who makes his tools
 Clash marches round the world.

"Look at the types of living men,
 And tell me which is best.
 One hugs his life in fatted ease—
 One scarcely knoweth rest.
 One's infant mouth for ever sucks
 The sponsor's silver ladle;
 One works to fame; for his lot was want,
 And earthquakes rocked his cradle.

"Do I pretend to blood or birth,
 Or broad heraldic spoil?
 Do I deny I gather bread
 From the roaring mill of toil?
 Hard hand, brown forehead, panting brain,
 These are mine heritage—
 Great arms, that lift unto the stars
 The level of the age.

"Well, I am poor. You taste the fruits
 That moneyed fancies lop;
 Whilst I, in dingy workshop glooms,
 Dine daily on a chop.
 The banquet shared, you, lolling, swill
 Of vintage red and ripe;
 I walk abroad to turn a thought,
 And smoke an honest pipe.

"Hark! how the swinging axes heat,
 And the iron anvils ring;
 My brother lifts his brawny arms,
 And wields them like a king.

Think you if King and outraged Plebs
 In battle meet again,
 That whirring sledge would fail to crash
 Through the skulls of titled men?

"Ah, patience! Do I wake or dream?
 A moment since, you said
 Our toils are not ennobled by
 Great memories of the dead.
 Go, look down in Westminster
 At the kings amongst the stones;
 The very dustmen would refuse
 A present of their bones!

"You sneer at our sad lack of Taste,
 Lamenting that the skies,
 Sweet sounds, sweet sights, impressionless,
 Touch common ears and eyes.
 Vile falsehood—vile! The meanest light
 Some glimpse of God reveals;
 And massive melodies are drawn
 From the storms of iron wheels.

"A leveller!" Psha! the old world-cant—
 The blasphemy of Wrath.
 You daily dress in costly silk,
 And I in threadbare cloth.
 The world is wide; there's room enough,
 Broad room for us and you;
 But when you claim your vested rights,
 Pray leave to us our due.

"I look into the Past that laid
 The greatness of the land;
 Out from the clouds of years is thrust
 A labourer's horny hand.
 It built the palace, it dug the field,
 It launched the reeling ship—
 Earth's benediction lights its palm,
 And the world is in its grip.

"Dare I to love? Yes, heart and soul.
 Is love a thing of caste—
 A luxury of dainty souls,
 Warm wooers, loose and fast?
 Yet still it slips through class and class;
 To love is only human;
 I glory in the single faith
 Of one most perfect woman.

"Hark, from the shattered vessel's poop,
 The work-bell calls away;
 Most sovereign lord, most gentle sir—
 A hundred thanks. Good day!"

CAVIARE.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.*

ALL who are even slightly acquainted with the revival and progress of Irish Literature in recent years are aware of the important position which Professor O'Curry has filled in relation to it. His profound researches among our ancient manuscripts is an interesting fact with which no literary Irishman is unacquainted; and his incessant labors in deciphering, transcribing, investigating and translating these most rare and important, and, except to very few indeed besides himself, most inaccessible remains of our literary antiquities, have rendered his name famous, far beyond the limits of our own country. We may truly say that his name is identified with these ancient MSS.; nor in saying this do we subtract in the least from the merit of that profound scholar and living cyclopædia of Irish history and topography, Dr. O'Donovan, whose colleague Professor O'Curry has been for so many years in so many historical labours. For almost a whole lifetime Mr. O'Curry has devoted himself, heart and soul, and we might say, day and night, to these MSS.; and with such study and experience on his part, and the high intellectual powers and sterling honesty of purpose which we know him to possess, any production of his pen on this, his peculiar subject, must necessarily be of great weight and value. We looked forward to such a work with avidity, and our anticipations have not been disappointed on its appearance. To have elicited from such a source the amount of authentic information which we find in the volume of Lectures now before us, and to have given it to the world, is certainly one of the efforts of the Catholic University of Ireland most worthy of that national institution.

The order in which Professor O'Curry handles the vast and complicated mass of materials with which he had to deal, is lucid and natural. In his opening lecture he treats of the "lost books," many of which were in the hands of the compilers of our existing annals, and which may be regarded as the very foundation of our ancient history. The enumeration of these, besides the numerous historical manuscripts which we still possess, may well fill the reader with amazement at the copious resources which have existed from most remote times for our primitive history. Of the books mentioned in our early records, and of which we have now no further knowledge, our author gives the following list, at the same time assuring us, that he does not profess to enumerate in it all the missing manuscripts:—

* *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, delivered at the Catholic University of Ireland during the sessions of 1855 and 1856, by Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A., Professor of Irish History and Archaeology in the Catholic University, &c.; 8vo. 722 pp. James Duffy, 7, Wellington-quay, Dublin, and 22, Paternoster-row, London.

"In the first place," he says, "must be enumerated the *Cuilmenn*; the Saltair of Tara; the Cin Droma Sneachta; the Book of St. Mocho; the Book of *Cuana*; the Book of Dubhdaleithe; and the Saltair of Cashel. Besides these we find mention of the *Leabhar buidhe Slaine*, or Yellow Book of Slane; the original *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*; the Books of Eochaídh O'Flannigan; a certain book known as the Book eaten by the poor People in the Desert; the Book of *Inis an Duin*; the Short Book of St. Buithe's Monastery (or Monasterboice); the Books of Flann of the same monastery; the Book of Flann of *Dungeimhin* (Dungiven, Co. Derry); the Book of *Dun da Leth Ghlas* (or Downpatrick); the Book of *Doire* (or Derry); the Book of *Sabhall Phatraic* (or Saull, Co. Down); the Book of the *Uachonghbail* (Navan probably); the *Leabhar dubh Molaga*, or Black Book of St. Molaga; the *Leabhar buidhe Moling*, or Yellow Book of St. Moling; the *Leabhar buidhe Mhic Murchadha*, or Yellow Book of Mac Murchadh; the *Leabhar Arda Macha*, or Book of Armagh (quoted by Keating); the *Leabhar ruadh Mhic Aedhagain*, or Red Book of Mac Aegan; the *Leabhar breac Mhic Aedhagain*, or Speckled Book of Mac Aegan; the *Leabhar fada Leithghlinne*, or Long Book of Leithlin; the Books of O'Scoba of *Cluain Mhic Nois* (or Clonmacnois); the *Duil Droma Ceata*, or Book of Drom Ceat; and the *Leabhar Chluana Sost*, or Book of Clonsost (in Leix, in the Queen's County)" (p. 20.)

Our author gives some interesting particulars about several of these lost MSS. The *Cuilmenn*, or "great book written on skins," would appear to have been a very ancient historical repertory, which was carried to *Letha* or Italy, by some one called the *Saol*, or professor, probably about the time of St. Patrick. It is referred to in connexion with the original account of the *Tain bo Chualigne*, or Cattle Spoil of Cualigne, which our author regards as by far the most important of our Ancient Historic Tales. The Saltair or Psalter of Tara was composed by the celebrated monarch of Ireland, Cormac Mac Art, in the third century, and is referred to as his composition by the distinguished scholar and poet, Cuan O'Lochain, who died in the year 1024. Of the Saltair of Cashel, which was compiled by Cormac Mac Cullinan, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, who was killed in the year 903, some portion still remains, being all of it that could be deciphered in the year 1454, when it was copied by Shane O'Clery for Mac Richard Butler, of Ormond. This fragment is now preserved in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. Referring to this lost book, Professor O'Curry says:—

"If, as there is every reason to believe, the ancient compilation, so well known as Cormac's Glossary, was compiled from the interlined gloss to the Saltair, we may well feel that its loss is the greatest we have suffered, so numerous are the references and citations of history, law, romance, druidism, mythology, and other subjects in which this glossary abounds. It is besides invaluable in the study of Gaelic comparative philology, as the author traces a great many of the words, either by derivation from, or comparison with the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the British, and as he terms it, the Northmanic language; and it contains one Pictish word (*Cartail*) almost the only word of the Pictish language that we possess." (p. 19.)

Our author's account of the existing Irish annals is deeply interesting. He thus enumerates them at the commencement of his third lecture.—

"The principal annals now remaining in the Gaelic language, and of which we have any accurate knowledge, are known as—The Annals of Tighernach (pronounced nearly 'Teernagh'); the Annals of Senait Mac Manus, (a compilation now better known as the Annals of Ulster); the Annals of Inis Nerinn in Loch Cé (erroneously called the Annals of Kilronan); the Annals of Innisfallen; the Annals now known as the Annals of Boyle; the Annals now known as the Annals of Connacht; the Annals of *Dun na nGall* (Donegal), or those of the Four Masters; and lastly, the *Chronicon Scotorum*. Besides these, we have the Annals of Clonmacnois, a compilation of the same class, which was translated into English in 1627, but of which the original is unfortunately not now accessible or known to exist. With regard to annals in other languages relating to Ireland, I need only allude to the Latin Annals of Multifernan, of Grace, of Pembroke, Clyn, &c., published by the Irish Archaeological Society." (p. 52.)

The Abbot Tighernach, whose work stands at the head of this list, flourished towards the close of the eleventh century, and cotemporary with him was Marianus Scotus, another Irish monk and annalist, who flourished in Germany, and whose great Chronicle is esteemed on the Continent, as in its province, one of the principal literary monuments of the middle ages. Tighernach is regarded at the present day as the most reliable of all the Irish Chroniclers, and, as our author confesses, his extensive learning, judicious care, scholar-like discrimination and historical research, as well as the early period at which he compiled his work, entitle him to the high position which is thus given to him. But he is by no means to be taken as the first of our historical writers.

"From a very early period," observes Professor O'Curry, "we find notices of chroniclers and historical compilers. I have already mentioned the royal historian, Cormac Mac Art, and also the author of *Cin Droma Sneachta*. From the sixth to the eighth century we meet, amongst many others, the names of Amergin MacAmalgaidh, author of the *Dinn Seanchas*; *Cemfealadh*; and Aengus Ceile De. From the year 800 to the year 1000, we find Maelmura of Othan; Cormac MacCuillinan; Flann MacLonan; Eochaidh O'Flinn; and Cinaeth or Kennett O'Hartigan. In the eleventh century the historical compilers are still more frequent; the chief names in this period are those of Cuan O'Lochain; Colman O'Seasnan; Flann Mainistrech, or of the monastery, and Gilla Caemhain. The two latter lived in the same century with Tighernach—Flann, the Professor of St. Buithe's monastery (or Monasterboice,) who died in A.D. 1056; and Gilla Caemhain, a writer who died A.D. 1073, the translator into Gaelic of Nennius' History of the Britons." (p. 53.)

The Synchronisms of Flann, and the chronological poem of Gilla Caemhain, are in fact among the earliest and most valuable of our historic authorities; but nothing can be more absurd than to a tribute to these writers, as Moore and others have done, the fabrication

of the accounts which they give of our very remote history, on the ground that they are the first who allude to them—which indeed is not the case. But were these accounts even traceable to no more ancient authority, we would not be justified in the conclusion thus arrived at, any more than he would in assuming that the ancient history of any country was fabricated by the writer whose work happens to be the earliest on the subject that we can find. Mr. O'Curry shews very clearly the superior antiquity of several of our other historical authorities, and the unquestionable authenticity of many of the earliest records preserved to us in existing monuments, from the more ancient authorities which have perished.

Our author devotes several lectures to an investigation of the various existing annals, correcting the erroneous opinions which have prevailed about some of them; fixing their authors and dates; the sources from which they were derived, and the correct names by which they should be recognised. In many instances also, he gives us interesting specimens of their contents. He shews where the existing copies are to be found, and from his intimate knowledge of all those copies which are not beyond his reach in foreign countries, or which the narrow-minded selfishness of such a man as Lord Ashburnham, does not shut up from the view of the world, he is able to indicate the exact relative value of each. Such an enquiry is of the utmost value to the Irish historical student, and affords us the most authentic elucidation of our ancient bibliography, which we have ever obtained. Confessedly, the crowning labour of our annalists is the work of Brother Michael O'Clery, and his colleagues, known as the "Four Masters," which our author justly describes as "the greatest body of annals in existence relating to Irish history." Of this important work Mr. O'Curry treats at considerable length, yet he observes:—

"The immense extent of the work would, indeed, render it impossible for me to include in one lecture, or even in two or three lectures, anything like an adequate analysis of the vast mass and comprehensive scope of the history contained in it. I have therefore confined myself to some explanation of the nature and plan of the labours of the 'Four Masters,' that you may understand, at least, what it was they undertook to do, and that you may know why it is, that this magnificent compilation has ever been regarded by true scholars, and doubtless will ever be looked up to, as the most certain and unimpeachable authority, and as affording a safe and solid foundation for the labours of future historians." (P. 158.)

And he adds:—

"It is fortunate that 'the Annals of the Four Masters' are no longer like the other annals, of which I have given you some account, preserved only in the almost inaccessible recesses of a few libraries of MSS. It is fortunate that you can now consult for yourselves, in the pages of a beautifully printed edition, those invaluable records, whose importance it has been my object in this lecture shortly to explain to you, and which, if you would acquire an accurate acquaintance with your country's history, you must diligently study again and again." (p. 159.)

It is to be feared that the ancient portion of our history never will be treated with all the elaborateness and the minuteness of detail which Professor O'Curry desires; and that if so treated, the work on the subject would be anything but a popular one. It is true that we possess most copious materials for the purpose, and that further materials are still in reserve, so that in dealing with this portion of his subject the Irish historian may well complain of an *embarras des richesses*. But the importance of the events narrated bears no proportion to their number. If we except the successive colonizations of ancient Erin—a point upon which, say what we will, the investigations of ethnologists will have as much weight with the world as the records of our chroniclers—how very few events are there previous to the Christian era, which are now of national importance? how fewer still are there which interest the foreign reader? We allude, of course, to such things as have any chance of fixing the attention of men in the present matter-of-fact age. From about the Christian era, or at least very soon before it, to the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick, the events which impress a character on our history, and which derive importance from their results, are indeed much more numerous. Such are the fatal organisation of the Pentarchy, which would seem to have effectually established a system of disunion under which Ireland has groaned from that day to this; the revolution of the Attacots, which, however, produced no very permanent consequences; the imposition of the Boromean tribute on the province of Leinster, which, from its ruinous results to the peace of the country, might be regarded as the most fatal event in all our ancient history; the rise of Munster and the wars of its chiefs with Conn of the Hundred Battles; the destruction of Emania, which involved almost the extinction of the old Ultonian kingdom, of which it was the capital, and the establishment of a new power in the north; the piratical expeditions from Ireland into foreign countries under Niall and his predecessors; and, we may add, the colonisation of Scotland by our Dalriadic tribe. With the age of St. Patrick a new and dazzling glory bursts upon Irish history; the epoch of our saints, domestic and missionary, begins—the epoch of our schools of sanctity and learning, on which we may dwell with unmingled and uncloying pleasure, and on which, too, we may enlist the interest of the literary world in other countries as well as our own. But this bright epoch withdraws us altogether from that remote period to which we have been referring as so much less worthy of expatiation upon its historical details; and it is followed by another period upon which our historian may dwell with minuteness though not with pleasure—that dreary one, namely, of the Danish wars; while, at every step as we now advance—the transfer of the sovereign authority from the ancient line of Niall to Brian Boru; the rapid decline of the central power, the corresponding progress in the distinctive independence of the provinces, and, in fine, the preparation of the country, by its own weakness and disunion, for the Anglo-Norman invasion, with which epoch our ancient history terminates—the interest of the his-

torical investigator is, to say the least, sustained. For the whole range of this ancient portion of our history we have had ample materials in our hands for some years past—that is, since the appearance of O'Donovan's edition of the Four Masters, in the copious annotations to which great work we have a very large portion of what could be added from the unpublished annals; we have also had the ancient annals, published by Dr. O'Connor in his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*; and the vast mass of genealogical, topographical, and historical materials given to the world by the Archaeological and Celtic Societies. Neither must we despise such authorities as Keating, who made extensive use of the historic tales, as well as of the annals, and who had under his eye some of those very resources which are now enumerated among the lost MSS.; or as O'Flaherty, who gives us, from the same authentic originals, so admirable an analysis of our ancient history in his *Ogygia*; or as Colgan's invaluable compilations. In fact we have had copious materials before us even for our ancient history, and it is our own fault if we have not made better use of them. Still we agree with Mr. O'Curry that a vast deal yet remains to be done; and as an instance of the exceedingly imperfect knowledge which prevailed on this subject a few years ago, we quote his own interesting account of an interview which he had with the poet Moore, after the latter had published a portion of his History of Ireland.

"The first volume of his (Moore's) history was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his last visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend, Dr. Petrie, favoured me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that period employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and, at the time of his visit, happened to have before me, on my desk, the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the *Leabhar Breac*, the Annals of the Four Masters, and many other ancient books, for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the Book of Ballymote, and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaelic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself; and then asked me in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie, and said;—'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland.' Three volumes of his history had been by this time published, and it is quite possible that it was the new light which appeared to have broken in upon him on this occasion, that deterred him from putting his fourth and last volume to press until after several years; it is believed he was only compelled to do so at last by his publishers in 1846."

We may add that it is very probable that Moore

never prepared his last volume at all for the press. Some crude fragments of his writing may have been put together in it by another hand, but the book does not bear the impress of his mind or of his opinions.

The account which Professor O'Curry gives in his ninth lecture of the ancient Gaelic manuscripts preserved in the libraries of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, is exceedingly interesting. Of these venerable remains of our ancient literature the principal are as follows, in the order in which he notices them:—1st, The *Leabhar na h-Uidher*, or Book of the Dun Cow, which was compiled and written by Maelmuire, who died in 1106, and who was the grandson of a very remarkable person in Irish history, namely, *Conn na m-bocht*, or Conn of the Poor, a lay religious of Clonmacnoise; 2nd, The Book of Leinster, written by Finn O'Gorman, who died Bishop of Kildare in 1160, and who must have written the book before he arrived at that dignity, having undertaken it at the desire of the notorious Dermot MacMurrough's tutor, and for that king's use. Mr. O'Curry closes a brief account of the contents of the book by observing:—

"This is but an imperfect sketch of this invaluable MS., and I think I may say with sorrow that there is not in all Europe any nation but this of ours that would not long since have made a national literary fortune out of such a volume, had any other country in Europe been fortunate enough to possess such an heirloom of history."

This volume, which is preserved in the library of Trinity College, would form 2,000 printed quarto pages such as those of O'Donovan's Four Masters, and is composed, like the other MSS, here enumerated, of miscellaneous historical, genealogical, and topographical tracts and poems, including the *Diinnsenchus*, a celebrated topographical tract, composed at Tara about the year 550, and now on the eve of publication by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society.

The third in order is the Book of Ballymote, which is still larger than the preceding volumes, and was written about the year 1391 at the place in the county of Sligo whence it takes its name, by various persons, but principally by Solomon O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenann. Fourthly, we have the great vellum MS., known as the *Leabhar Breac*, or Speckled Book. Fifthly, the *Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*, or Yellow Book of Lecain, a MS. written in the year 1590 by Donagh and Gilla Isa MacFirbis, members of a family of hereditary historians, and equal in extent to about 2,000 pages of the Gaelic text of O'Donovan's Four Masters. Sixthly stands the famous Book of Lecain, compiled in the year 1416 by another member of the same family, Gilla Isa Mor MacFirbis, of Lecain, in the county of Sligo.

Besides these great vellum books, there is a vast number of Irish MSS., some on vellum, and some on paper, preserved in these two great libraries; some of them are books of annals already mentioned, and others miscellaneous compilations, and Mr. O'Curry estimates the paper MSS. alone as 600 in number, and equal to

about 30,000 pages, similar to the Gaelic pages of the "Four Masters." The history which Mr. O'Curry gives us of the Book of Lismore, is exceedingly curious—how it was discovered nearly fifty years ago, in removing part of an old wall in Lismore Castle; how it was subsequently lent to an Irish scholar in Cork; how it was mutilated before it was returned to the owner; how it was afterwards lent to the Royal Irish Academy, where Mr. O'Curry detected the mutilations, and how, through what we must call his most happy penetration and untiring zeal, the pilfered portion of the MS. was traced, and ultimately restored to its proper place in the book. The story is one of the most singular in the annals of our national literature, and the country is certainly indebted, in this instance, to our author, for the restoration of one of the most important authorities upon our ecclesiastical history, to its integrity.

Of the MSS. relating to the ancient laws of Ireland, commonly, but as Mr. O'Curry observes, incorrectly called the Brehon Laws, our author says:—

"This collection is so immense in extent, and the subjects dealt with throughout the whole of it, in the utmost detail, are so numerous, and so fully illustrated by exact definitions and minute descriptions, that, to enable us to fill up the outline supplied by the annals and genealogies, these books of law alone would almost be found sufficient in competent hands. Indeed, if it were permitted me to enlarge upon their contents, even to the extent to which I have spoken upon the subject of the various annals I have described to you, I should be forced to devote many lectures to this subject alone. But these ancient laws, as you are all aware, are now, and have been for the last three years (this was said in 1856), in progress of transcription and preparation for publication, under the direction of a commission of Irish noblemen, and gentlemen, appointed by royal warrant; and it would not be for me to anticipate their regular publication." (p. 201).

We would willingly, did space permit it, follow our author in his account of the ancient books of genealogies and pedigrees, and in his remarks on the indispensable utility of which these documents are to the Irish historian. He describes with great minuteness several of the ancient historic tales, which throw much light on the incidents of our history to which they relate, and on the manners and character of the people. The imaginative tales and poems which he describes are almost equally useful; and the few pieces which remain, of detailed history, such as the History of the Origin of the Boromean Tribute; the History of the Wars of the Danes with the Gædhil; and History of the Wars of Thomond, are, of course, invaluable. The historic tales are divided into the *Catha*, or battles; the *Longasa*, or voyages; the *Toghla*, or destructions; the *Airgne*, or slaughters; the *Forbosa*, or sieges; the *Oille*, or tragedies; the *Tana*, or cow spoils; the *Tochmareac*, or courtships; the *Inramha*, or expeditions, &c.

Mr. O'Curry devotes four lectures to the remains, antiquarian and literary, of the early Christian period; such as the reliquaries, the lives of saints, and martyr-

ologies, which have been handed down to us—and surely there is nothing in the whole range of our history so well calculated to excite the reader's interest. The subject of the so-called prophecies, attributed, some of them, to the Irish saints, and others to the ancient pagans, follows; and in his curious and learned strictures on these compositions, our author clearly shows their apocryphal character, and in many instances points to the precise times at which they were forged. It will be henceforth impossible to impose on the credulity of the people by palming any of these "prophecies" upon them as authentic.

Considerably more than two hundred pages of this volume are devoted to an appendix, in which the original of every passage quoted from the ancient *Gædhlíc* in the lectures is given, and several points are more amply developed than they could be in the text; and twenty-six pages of beautifully lithographed *fac-similes*, illustrating the handwriting of all the principal MSS., and of the most celebrated Irish scribes, from St. Columbkille down to Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry, add immensely to the beauty and value of the book.

Incidentally, both in the lectures and the appendix, our author gives his opinion on many doubtful points in our history and antiquities. Thus, of the revolutionary *Aitheach Tuatha*, commonly called Attacotti, or Attacots, he says it is a mistake to describe them as the descendants of the earlier colonists of Ireland, who were conquered and enslaved by the Milesians; for, "according to the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the revolutionists were not composed, even for the major part, of the former colonists, but of the Milesians themselves. For, as may be expected, in the lapse of ages, countless numbers of noble and free Milesian

families fell away from their caste, lost their civil independence, and became mixed up and reduced to the same level with the remnants of the conquered races, who still continued in a state nearly allied to slavery, tillers of the soil." The name, he informs us, simply means "Rent-paying tribes."

The name of the fearful pestilence called the *Crom Chonnaill*, which raged in Ireland in the seventh and eighth centuries, is that of a supposed living animal. "The *Gædhlíc* word *Crom* or *Crum*," says our author, "signified literally a maggot; while the word *Connall* signifies literally the yellow stubble of corn. It is a remarkable fact that the name of the celebrated idol of the ancient pagan *Gædhlíc* was *Crom Cruach*, which would signify literally the 'bloody maggot;' whilst another idol, or imaginary deity, in the western part of Connacht, was called *Crom Dubh*, or the 'black maggot,' whose name is still connected with the first Sunday of August in Munster and Connacht."

Of the well-known ancient monuments called *Crom-lechs*, Mr. O'Curry states positively his opinion that "they never were intended and never were used as altars or places of sacrifice of any kind; that they were not in any sense of the word *druidical*, and that they were, in every instance, simple sepulchres or tombs, each marking the grave of one or of several personages."

From the nature of the topics treated of in this volume, and from the very high authority of its author, the public will not fail to form a correct appreciation of its inestimable value to the student of Irish history. We sincerely trust that it will ere long be followed by the continuation of his admirable lectures in the chair of History and Archæology of the Irish Catholic University.

ERRATUM.

[We regret to find that a passage in an article headed "Wild Scenes in the West," in our October Number, has given offence to some members of a highly respectable family. It was stated in the passage referred to, that the former possessor of a house in Minna, on the sea-coast in the west of the County of Galway, was a "famous smuggler" in his day; the period referred to being about eighty years removed from the present time, and the statement having been made on the authority of persons who appeared conversant with the locality. We understand, however, that there is not the slightest foundation for the statement; the Mr. Browne indicated in it never having been connected in any way with the smuggling trade; and we deeply regret that such a mis-statement should have been made as thus to wound the feelings of any of his posterity. No one is more likely to be imposed upon by false information than a tourist; and the information in this case was the more readily received as it related to a practice so general on our coasts in that remote period, and which is now traditionally invested with a kind of romantic interest.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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END OF VOL. III.

AND OF THE FIRST SERIES.

